The Saturday Review of Literature

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Erich Maria Remarque, author of "Arch of Triumph." (See page 7)

A Letter to a German Professor

By LEWIS MUMFORD

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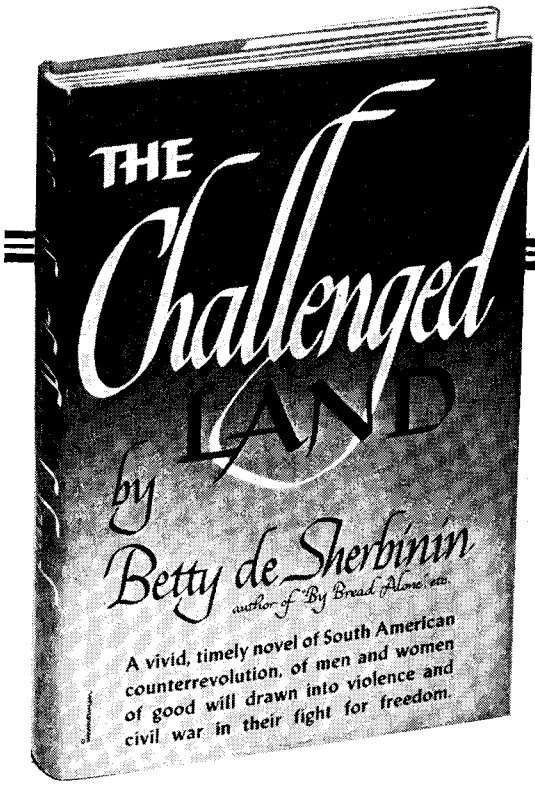
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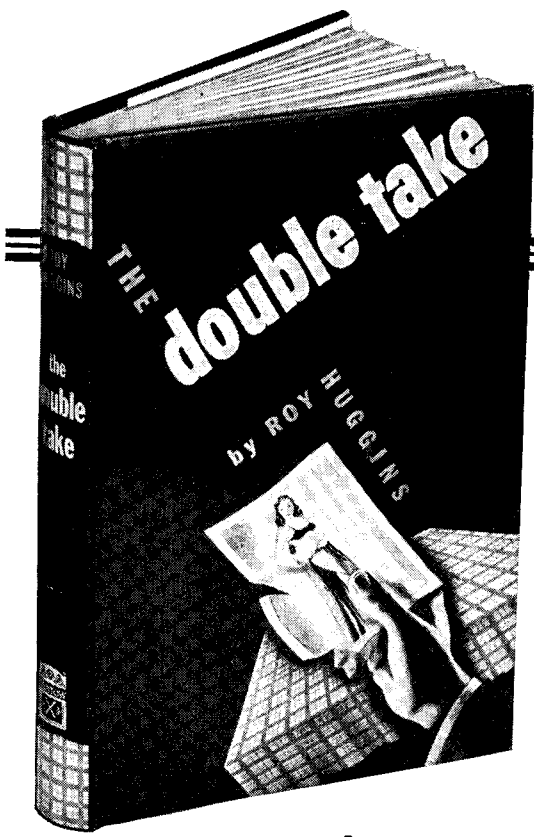

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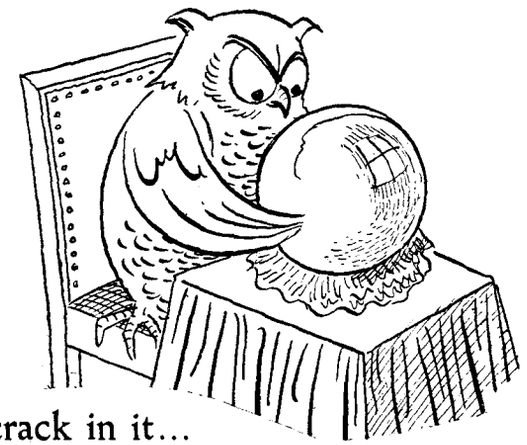

ONE of the fascinations of publishing is the curious way people make up their minds about books. Before we got into the business we assumed that reviewers were responsible for influencing people to read or not to read a particular book. A sufficient number of enthusiastic reviews would mean a wide readership and a good sale, and an equal number of damnatory critiques meant that the book would be eased into oblivion.

But that doesn't seem entirely true to us any more. Right now there are several books on the best-seller list that have received reviews which could be described, mildly, as hostile. Contrariwise, we have published a number of books in the past few years which had wonderful reviews, and a good many of them, but which people stubbornly refused to go into bookstores and buy. Furthermore, the annual output of books in the United States is so large that obviously the reviewers cannot survey them all in order to determine just which ones they intend to read thoroughly and estimate, whether favorably or otherwise.

Publishers themselves are, to an extent, opinion-makers about the books published each year. They have to decide which of their volumes will respond to "featuring" in advertising, which ones they are safe in instructing the sales force to push for a large advance. This preliminary decision, reflected in trade-journal advertising, is a guide to reviewers in their selection of titles that must not be overlooked. All too often, of course, a publisher's crystal ball fails him. There is nothing more depressing in this business of guessing the public's reading appetites than to see a large build-up and an expensive advertising campaign planned months ahead of publication, lead to a lukewarm press and dismal monuments of unsold copies in bookstores throughout the land. This is not only depressing, it's dangerous. Overselling a book—to the public, to reviewers, and to booksellers—undermines faith in a publisher's judgment and integrity, and jeopardizes the future of the author.

No, the puzzle doesn't solve itself neatly at all. Of course we know that a new book by a major author is automatically slated for prominence, but how much prominence? There is a lot of difference between a sale of 50,000 copies and one of half a million. How would you make up your mind if you were about to publish a new book by the author of ANTHONY ADVERSE, or of GONE WITH THE WIND, or of FOREVER AMBER, for instance? To say nothing of a new Ernie Pyle. . . .

Most books, we know, are *not* automatically going to sell in large quantities; they require delicate and individual handling. Whereas the process undoubtedly varies in different houses, in our own case these judgments are usually made by the editorial and sales staffs as a group. Sometimes only one or two members of the staff feel a real inner excitement about a particular title, and they succeed like all good missionaries and bookmen, in infecting the rest of us.

Once in a while, when we publish a book that simply doesn't get every one of us on the edges of our chairs, an argument may develop between those who edit and those who sell. That happened a while ago with a book we have just published—Fletcher Pratt's NIGHT WORK: The Story of Task Force 39. The salesmen who take our titles around to the stores in advance of publication liked the book but were not entirely happy about its sales possibilities. They pointed to telegrams from booksellers, printed in a recent issue of *Publishers' Weekly*, urging that there be no more war books, that the public is sick and tired of them.

The editorial force, on the other hand, felt very differently. One or two members of our staff, indeed, have played Fletcher Pratt's famous War Game, getting down on their very unnautical knees to tape-measure salvo ranges and torpedo tracks, and watching the aficionados maneuver their model fleets in just such situations as later confronted Rear-Admiral Tip Merrill and his cruiser division in the bitter battles in the Slot those nights when the Tokyo Express was running. They knew that a book like NIGHT WORK could only come out of an enormous fund of Navy lore, a rich understanding of ships, of men, and battle. The book seemed to them not only brilliant naval history and exciting human action material, but a wonderful documentation of the improvising skill which helped win us the Pacific War.

So when the book was published, its advance sale was larger than the sales force thought was possible, and smaller than our editors thought it deserved. The first bearing we've had on the true course of NIGHT WORK proves the editors' position. They have been showing around Charles Poore's review in the January 3rd *New York Times*, because it contains a comment balm to their souls: "We need more writers like Mr. Pratt now that the weird trammels of [Navy] censorship have been lifted. . . . A good many thousands of Americans are going to want to read accounts of what their sons and brothers were up to. . . . It would be a strange new kind of censorship to suppress war books in order to publish too many costume novels."

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The Saturday Review of Literature

A Letter to a German Professor

LEWIS MUMFORD

IT is just twenty years ago, dear Eduard, that we met at the School of International Studies in Geneva. That was your first visit outside Germany since the war; and although you were then almost thirty, there was still a touch of the Wandervogel in you. You were one of the new youth, strangely different from my own generation in America: on principle, as well as out of economy, you did not smoke and you drank nothing stronger than lemonade. Our discussions would begin early in the morning, when we assembled at the Conservatoire for the morning's lectures, and sometimes they would go on, with breaks for swimming, for lunch at the Hotel Russie, for student conferences, until late at night.

Those were good days; perhaps they even seemed better at the time than they do now in retrospect; for we all believed that Europe was raising up its battered body out of the morass of war, and when we met at Geneva, it was as if the world were meeting and conversing in our persons, learning the way to peaceful understanding and to self-respecting coöperation. There was a gay sparkle of self-confidence in all the clashes of our minds, concentrated in the persons of the Five Musketeers as we then called ourselves. It seemed impossible that we would fall out of communication with each other as soon as we did.

Jules Matelot, Jules, the brilliant, the witty, product of Oxford and the Collège de France, Jules with his Egyptian-Jewish father and his French mother and his strange mixture of Zionism and Thomism, went the way of his master Bergson; indeed, he anticipated him and became a Dominican monk before five years had passed. Willem Kuypers, that shy and lovable Dutchman, became a member of the foreign service and was already near the top of the Javanese bureauracy when the Japanese invaded the Netherland Indies. That dry young Englishman whom we all spontaneously called Sherlock Holmes published a single volume of verse before committing suicide: the last thing any of us would have expected from that level, sensible mind in the face of any provocation that life might have offered—in his case, the unexpected faithlessness and cynicism of his young wife. Our comradeship was broken up even before Europe's peace was corrupted and shattered: a personal foretaste of what was to come. It is now almost ten years since you wrote to me to explain why you did not propose to take advantage of my offer to help find you a post in an American college, at the same time that you begged me, in guarded language, to confine our correspondence to superficial matters.

I respected both your prudence and your resolution. Not least, your determination to sweat it out in Germany. I knew that this took courage on your part, for by 1935 you could have had no hope that the acquisition of power by the National Socialists and their collaborators would subject their hallucinations and their corrupt fantasies to the correction of your own philosophy, in spite of certain superficial points of contact between your own concept of the organic, which you took over from the biologist Driesch and the philosopher Otthmar Spann, and the parallel conceptions among the more literate followers of Hitler.

You probably kept on giving your lectures in philosophy without deviating by a hair's breadth from any of your previous convictions: you gave your course on Greek educational ideals, your reconciliation of the Spartan and the Athenian, without altering a word of your praise for the belated effort of Demosthenes to restore the old Athenian democracy and bring into an effective political whole these two complementary ideals of life—though even before the National Socialists ruled Germany it had long been an academic heresy of the highest order to side with Demosthenes, rather than with the Bismarckian Philip of Macedon.

IT likewise took a certain degree of independence to expound your own philosophy of the organic, and to emphasize the ways in which it differed from the Nazis, as well as the ways in which it paralleled their views without accepting their pseudo-science and their nihilistic goals. If it was hard to be a refugee outside Germany, it was perhaps even harder to be a refugee inside Germany. So I respected your decision to stay. But during the years of our silence I sometimes found myself carrying on in my own mind those discussions between us that began in Geneva and recurred during that week I spent in your little villa outside Munich. For you expressed in your own person, in a very lovable fashion, an attitude that I found expressed by the Nazi fanatics in a repulsive fashion; and what you expressed is also something I find in all your representative philosophers from Kant onwards: an error which is often combined with many truths, a radical vice which is surrounded by virtues of the highest order.

What is this attitude? It is the worship of uncontrolled subjectivity. It is the belief, to paraphrase Schopenhauer, that the real world does not exist, apart from its representation in your thought. Subjective idealism is the technical name for this view. It seems like an innocent metaphysical doctrine, and it has certainly been held by many educated people who were not Germans; but in Germany it percolated through your educational system and filtered into even the vulgarest mind, where it existed in a form so crude that you would natu-

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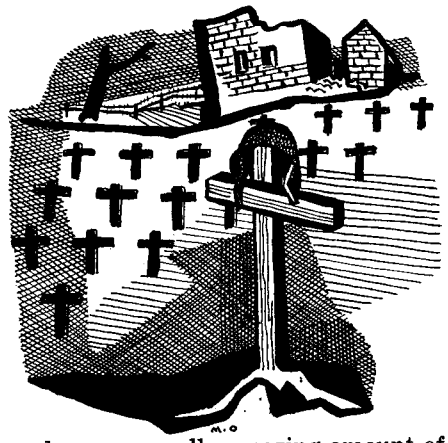
rally reject it: namely, whatever I believe is true, because truth is what I wish to believe; furthermore, as a German, my truth must be essentially different from, and therefore incomparable to, any other form of truth; and this is a mark of my superiority.

Subjective idealism reduces all reality to a communion between the Ego and Its Own. Even Goethe, in his youth at least, succumbed to this disease: one might call it the Werther complex. Once you accept its premises, you are driven to deny the existence of a common world which other men share, and which other men have helped to create. What you call reality is your own inviolable image. Thus you forget the ancient social nature of the very instruments of knowledge you use, the forms of language and the logic of thought, so that you finally attribute to the solitary private ego the whole experience of the human race. The element of truth in this doctrine—and unlike the positivists I do not deny this element—must always be balanced by its opposite, a common sense that binds us to other men, a humility which accepts the infinite processes and powers that men call God.

Without this common sense and this humility you make it imposible to distinguish between realities and hallucinations, between truths and errors, because both truth and sanity rest upon the ability to coöperate with and understand other men. Always, when one pushes this philosophy of yours back to its ultimate premises, one finds that it is isolationist: to preserve its illusions of absolute truth it must never accept the check of other men's experiences or other men's judgments. Hence that hostility to British empiricism, to French rationalism, to American pragmatism that runs through your thought: you are afraid to be corrected, and to preserve your errors you are willing to cut yourselves off from the rest of the human race and even regard this as a definite mark of your own special virtue.

THESE are harsh words, dear Eduard, but I used them to your face long ago, and I have no hesitation in repeating the argument now, though it may seem so painful. Your deep tendency toward isolationism accounts for the fact that your countrymen are notoriously inept at understanding the psychology of any other people, and by the same token feel themselves grievously misunderstood by the rest of the world—indeed, believe that they are surrounded by a wall of hostile peoples even when, as in the 1920's, those nations were doing you homage and expressing toward you



and yours a really amazing amount of good will.

In this subjectivism, Luther is the German archetype. But Oswald Spengler is as good an example as any other, because the very coarseness of his thought brings out, by caricature, your essential error. By his peculiar interpretation of human cultures, Spengler reveals both aspects of your vice: first, he tries to show that each true culture is a self-contained unit, which possesses nothing belonging to another culture, so that, for him, the human race has no common history and therefore no common destiny; on the contrary, no culture can even understand the categories of thought or the forms of art created by another culture. Then Spengler completes this ingenious theory by writing a two-volume interpretation in which the soul and essence of every other culture is, miraculously, revealed to the German mind! He does all this without even a passing smile of self-criticism; and he covers over his contradiction by proclaiming that Faustian culture alone possesses this power of passing into the soul of other cultures.

This profound error in your national philosophy, which arises out of a colossal case of narcissism, or self-admiration, has the effect of cutting the German off from the rest of the human race. For your countrymen what is not German is contemptible. What he cannot stamp with his own image he therefore seeks to destroy. Fichte exhibits this vanity and this arrogance with all the bravado of an adolescent youth; there are passages in his "Talks to the German People" that leave a non-German simply breathless with astonishment — or laughter. Your hatred of rationalism is not so much hatred for its inherent limitations as hatred for the bounds which it properly would place upon your capacity for unlimited subjectivism. Rationalism pre-supposes a public world in which the rest of humanity can share: it calls for a public order of the mind like the public order of the democratic state, with its common sense and its common purpose. You refuse, at bottom, to admit that there may be a real world which is different from your German idea of it. You do not like the notion of a truth that is, as it were, a statistical average of a thousand observations by other men, dead, living, and still to be born: a truth not born directly of the German ego. For you, as for Schopenhauer, the subjective is timeless, and the ego, your own ego, the German ego, is the only full and complete source of truth. Only a people who had habitually consulted such a demented oracle would have listened a second time to the words of a Hitler.

WITH you, dear Eduard, I need hardly insist that philosophy has practical consequences. You would be the first to admit this truth; indeed, you used to boast that without Hegel there could have been no conquering Bismarck. But I would remind you that my interpretation of the latent evils in your national philosophy, the cult of the subjective, is not the result of my reactions to either the First or the Second World War, for almost precisely a century before Hitler came into power, your exiled poet, Heine, predicted the practical consequences of your common philosophy. At the time, his intuitions seemed more subjective than the subject he was dealing with; but you and I have lived to see Heine's predictions come true: a proof of the depth and accuracy of his insight. Perhaps Heine is no longer on your bookshelves. Hence I take the liberty of quoting him at length. This passage comes from his essay on religion and philosophy in Germany; and its original date was 1834:

> German philosophy is an important matter, of concern to the whole human race, and only our remotest descendants will be able to decide whether we are to be praised or blamed for having worked out our philosophy first and our revolution afterwards. It seems to me that a methodical nation like ours had to start with the Reformation and could only then take up philosophy, and was not until its completion allowed to pass on to the political revolution. . . . But do not worry, German republicans; the German revolution will not be milder and gentler because it was preceded by Kant's "Critique," by Fichte's transcendental idealism, and even by the philosophy of nature.
>
> These doctrines have developed revolutionary forces that wait only the day when they can erupt and fill the world with terror and admiration. There will be Kantians forthcoming who will hear nothing of piety in the visible world, either, and with sword and axe will mercilessly churn the soil of our European life, to exterminate the very last roots of the past. Armed Fichteans will enter the lists, whose fanaticism of will can be

(*Continued on page* 41)

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Prelude to Disaster

ARCH OF TRIUMPH. By Erich Maria Remarque. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1946. 455 *pp.* $3.

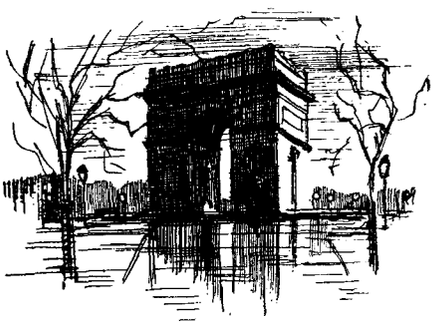
Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

NOT unlike one of his greater fellow authors, Erich Maria Remarque awoke one morning and found himself famous. In our own time there have been few, if any, parallels to the instantaneous success of "All Quiet on the Western Front"—and as the author of that novel, Remarque has ever since 1929 enjoyed international fame. It was not easy to place him as a literary figure, or even to balance the literary merits of his triumphant first novel against the courage of its humanitarian appeal. Remarque's art had not broadened in his later efforts; the book preceding his present offering came close to being a failure. It is gratifying now to receive from his pen a volume — his fifth — which possesses many of the characteristics of a great novel. At any rate, it is one of those rare books which, fated for bestsellerdom, will at the same time interest, move, and satisfy the serious, adult reader.

Its hero is Ravic, a First World War veteran and surgeon who has survived the horrors of his native Germany. He lives as an exile in the Paris of '38. He has no legal papers whatsoever, and only the sympathy of the proprietress of a wretched hotel near the Arc de Triomphe protects him from the police. In order to pay for his room and to eat, Ravic has to "ghost" for less skillful French doctors, and to work as the house physician of a swanky bordello. Survival is all he wants. He likes to play a game of chess with old Morosow, a likable White Russian émigré (and the *raisonneur* of Remarque's drama), to chat with the Jewish refugees at his hotel, or simply to sit in one of the neighborhood bistros behind still another glass of calvados. What passion is left under his scars is used up by his hatred of Haake, the Gestapo man.

This, briefly, is Ravic's situation when he meets young Joan Madou, an Italian-born actress of sorts. (Their meeting forms the opening chapter of the book, and is the first in a long series of nocturnal scenes. Night is the habitat of Remarque's outlaws.) Ravic tries to drop the girl once the pleasure she seems to offer him as a matter of course is done for, and the trouble she causes—a trouble of a rather horrid kind—is over. But "love makes the woman keen-sighted and confuses the man," as Joan says on a later occasion.

"Arch of Triumph" is above all the story of a great love. There have been pathetically few distinguished love stories these past years. This one, moreover, is free from any pseudo-psychological theorizing. Sex is the natural basis, not the goal, of Ravic's and Joan's relationship. Many a subject is touched on in their long (perhaps overlong but never verbose) dialogues, but whatever they are talking about, they talk love.



> Love! [Revic muses] How much that word had to cover! From the softest caress of the skin to the most remote excitement of the spirit, from the simple desire for a family to the convulsions of death, from insatiable passion to Jacob's struggle with the angel. Here am I, Ravic thought, a man of more than forty years, trained in many schools, with experience and knowledge, who has been beaten down and has risen again, sifted through the filter of the years, having become more callous, more critical, colder —I did not want it and I did not believe it, I did not think it would come again—and now here it is and all my experience is of no avail, all the knowledge makes it only the more burning—and what burns better in the fire of the emotions than dry cynicism and the stacked wood of the critical years?

Through an ironical incident the police catch up with Ravic one day, and push him across the Swiss border. When he returns, Joan is with another man, comfortably settled—and blaming Ravic for it. But life has another trial in store for Ravic: Haake is in Paris! The drama of that encounter, of Ravic's patient stalking and the final kill is, technically, a superb piece of writing. Its climax is, outside "Wilhelm Tell," the only murder scene I know of in literature which leaves the reader entirely in sympathy with the murderer.

Joan Madou, too, is murdered in the end. She succumbs to the "maze of things you can't run away from." Dr. Ravic who—and for a trifle, too—has saved hundreds of lives in a city hostile to him, cannot save the life of the one person he cares for in spite of her betrayal. She dies—it is no lie—with an "Io ti amo" on her lips.

The reader has watched Ravic in his profession before; saving the life of a fat French official who has refused asylum to thousands of refugees, or helplessly putting down the knife when confronted by a cancer about to destroy the beautiful body of an old friend, or taking off the leg of a poor boy who thinks only of the indemnity due to him. There is an occasionally bewildering wealth of episodes throughout this book. Most of them are astonishingly full-blooded. Madame Rolande, for instance, the petty bourgeois overseer of the brothel, seems to come directly out of a Maupassant story.

The author even tries his hand at a colorful picture of society life in the mid-summer Paris of '39. Perhaps "Paris on the brink of catastrophe" has been the subject, or background, of too many recent novels, which may be the reason why Remarque's otherwise so richly rewarding book is less impressive as a historical study.

To be sure, some of his figures—such as the disillusioned American heiress married to a titled good-for-nothing, or the Czarist ex-colonel and present nightclub doorman—have had their predecessors; and when all is said, Joan Madou is but another *femme fatale,* although less demonic and much more winning than any of her nineteenth-century sisters. But Ravic is a masterpiece of original characterization. He is the twentieth-century man who survives.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 135

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 135 will be found in the next issue.

I N S U W U O O T E N , I N

D G Z W Y T M T E N , B S V I N

V U Y T H K E , L U B Y Y F J Z E U .—

G B Y D K L B Y V Z U C U G O Z S .—

F J Z E B E T Z S B S V Z G T H T S B Y T E N .

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 134

The moon, like a flower
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night.

—WILLIAM BLAKE—
Night—First stanza.

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A Man of Great Good Sense

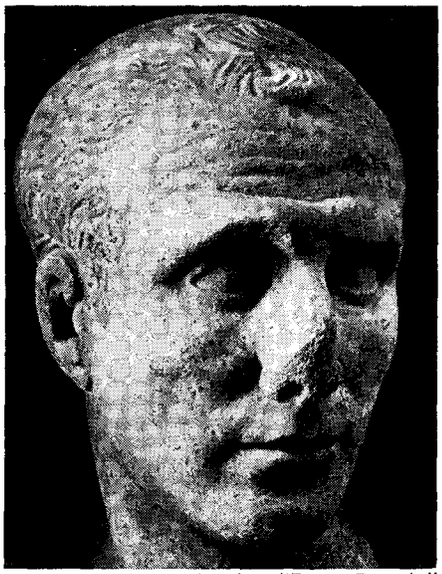
HORACE AND HIS LYRIC POETRY. By L. P. Wilkinson. New York: The Macmillan Company (Cambridge University Press). 1945. 176 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

SOME poets, such as Pope and Tennyson (observes Mr. Wilkinson, a Cambridge don), have pleased all of the people some of the time; others have pleased some of the people all of the time, and among these is Horace. Ever since Petrarch's day people have been enjoying him and writing about him; but some of what has lately been written about him is nonsense, in Wilkinson's opinion; hence this corrective. "It is aimed at classical students who are not Horatian specialists, but is intended to be within the scope of anyone who can read Latin, or who could once read it." The reviewer, a member of this latter class, warns off his fellow-amateurs. A good deal of this brief book deals with Horace's lyric meters —admittedly a tough subject, especially for those who lack Wilkinson's refined ear for quantity and assonance. But some of it may, in an age when poetry has threatened to degenerate into soliloquy, be read with profit by anybody interested in a poet who was not only a member of the human race and not ashamed of it, but was also, at times, a harassed and soul-searching citizen.

Wilkinson warns his readers not to expect much novelty; "the great mass of our common knowledge about Horace is due to Renaissance scholars." So it is with most of our knowledge of the ancients; the evidence turned up in recent centuries is due mostly to the epigraphers, numismatists, and papyrologists. Scholars who scorn their banausic spade-work and stick to the well-worked-over texts are pretty much reduced to proving each that the others are wrong. Most of the men whose misconceptions Wilkinson combats are unknown to the general public, and the world will little note nor long remember what they said. His positive merit is that he gives us a common-sense interpretation of the most common-sensical of poets—such as might be evolved by an intelligent layman with no Ph.D. to earn and no scholarly reputation to uphold, who judges Horace by what Horace wrote.

Not that all he wrote can be taken at its face value. The ancients held that merit lay not in writing about something new, but in writing better about something familiar—standard themes; commonplaces, they called them, coining a phrase that has stuck. Horace did plenty of that. The famous shield, for instance, that he threw away at Philippi; it was a commonplace but many people still take it seriously. Wilkinson contents himself with the dry observation that Horace (who was a lieutenant-colonel) probably did not carry a shield. Also, Horace was a less serious character than some of his expositors; often his burlesques are obvious, but there are still people who do not include *Integer vitae* among them.



—*Illustrations from "Roman Portraits"*

A fellow-citizen of Horace's—a statue of the Augustan era.

So with what some have called his "conversion to Stoicism." The mood of *Parcus deorum cultor,* Wilkinson observes, finds few echoes later. And here the layman may carry the argument a little farther—an argument so obvious that some scholars miss it. Horace felt different ways at different times, and wrote about what he felt. Also he was a poet; and when he got going, sometimes his impetus carried him away. The fact that when he wrote about God he uttered some devout sentiments does not prove that he still felt that way after he had cooled off.

True, he turned serious in the forties; he told Maecenas that he was through with lyric poetry and told him why; "non eadem est aetas, non mens." His first three books of Odes had gone over with Maecenas, which was what counted, but had not met with anything like unanimous approval from the literary public; and Horace did not like unfavorable reviews any better than anybody else. Also, his brain was tired and his waist line was getting away from him; he is not the only man who went into a middle-aged slump, and started looking round for a Rock of Ages. But he did not look very far or very hard; presently Augustus wanted somebody to write a national anthem; Horace did it and became a favorite of the administration, and he does not seem to have worried much about God thereafter. Perhaps more important, the Carmen Saeculare had reassured him that he could still write poetry; every so often he again felt like it, and when he felt like it he was about as good as ever.

But if he remained basically an Epicurean, he was not all Epicurean in behavior any more than in theology. True, he tried to keep out of trouble, which was the core of Epicurean ethics; when Septimius pestered him for an introduction to Tiberius he gave it, at last, because it was less trouble than having Septimius on his neck; and the fact that a letter so tepid got Septimius inside and set him on his way to favor is a testimonial to Septimius's personality rather than to his introduction. But the casual reader may get the impression of a man whose remedy for all the ills of life was to get away to the fireside with a bottle and a girl; which is not quite accurate. Horace praised carefree idleness in poems that could not have been written without a lot of hard work; when he reached for the Falernian and Lalage at the day's end, he had earned them.

But to return to Wilkinson, who applies the same dry common-sense criterion to Horace's love life. The saintly old gentleman who taught me Latin some forty years ago used to tell his pupils that "Horace was not a good man, he did not lead a clean life; yet he could give utterance to sublime moral truths." The dichotomy that he recognized has been too much for more desiccated scholars, who get out of it by setting down the Lydes and Neaeras as mere commonplaces of Greek lyric. They were that, says Wilkinson, but not only that; no man could write such a phrase as *spes animi credula mutui* who did not know how it felt; the Fifteenth Epode may be a stock exercise but there is an emotion in it that did not come from study of the Alexandrian poets; Horace had been hurt. And it might be added that a good many men of fifty can ruefully recognize the yes-and-no mood of *Intermissa Venus diu.*

In such matters Epicureanism proved a less than perfect armor. These were professional or semi-professional ladies; Horace has told us frankly why he did not run after his friends' wives—because it promised in the long run more trouble than it was worth; and perhaps for the same reason, he never took a wife of

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his own whom his friends might have run after. Here is the pure doctrine—*ataraxia*, keep out of trouble; but no more than anybody else could Horace keep out of all of it. His loves were meant to be light; but somebody hurt him, and he missed Cinara.

There remains Horace the citizen, for whom Wilkinson has not much use—less perhaps than he deserves. He fought in Brutus's army, but apparently through no republican conviction. Brutus, a great figure in the news, had visited the University of Athens; Horace's classmates were all joining him and Horace went with the crowd. Herd-instinct, Wilkinson calls it; but there may have been a touch of snobbishness about it too; he was probably not the only little brother of the rich who had learned to hate That Man on the Palatine as a traitor to his class. Brutus lost and died; Horace got away and turned up in Rome, a demobilized officer of a beaten army, broke and on the town. Just such an "armed Bohemian intellectual" as the early Nazis, and there were jobs for such men at the time; he could have joined Sextus Pompeius and gone on fighting, if not for the republic at least for what he could get out of it. But Horace was not having any more of it; he stayed in Rome and went to work.

He never said much about those early years, before he got the civil-service job that enabled him to eat regularly. He wrote—personal poems and also talk of the town, the sort of thing that nowadays would go into the lighter newspaper columns; he met Vergil, Vergil took him to Maecenas, and from then on he was in. But the civil wars kept breaking out again, and Horace did not like it. He wrote editorials in verse, which had no effect whatever—something that must have been equally distressing to a worried citizen, and to a young man who had a reputation to make. "Quo quo scelesti ruitis?" he asked his fellow-citizens; but they went right on with their nose dive, and it was a politician, not a poet, who brought them out of it. Still, that poem and *Altera jam teritur* both made sense, and I do not see what more a poet could have done about it. Horace in those poems was not taking sides, he was only trying to dissuade his country from cutting its throat. But later he did take sides—when Octavian finally broke with Antony; when most people who had lived in Italy for a decade under Octavian's rule had learned which side offered the better hope of peace, decent government, and a chance to make a living.

But even then (says Wilkinson) he was very far from being the "Augustan propagandist" that Vergil consciously was, and that Horace became in his later years. *Nunc est bibendum* starts out to be the theme song for a Victory Ball and goes off into admiration of Cleopatra's courage in suicide—about as popular a sentiment then as admiration for Hitler's courage (if he had shown any to speak of) would be now. In *Jam satis terris* Horace goes Hellenistic and talks of the soon-to-be Augustus as a god; but Augustus (who worked in his old clothes and hated to dress up for distinguished visitors) did not care about being a god, at least in his home town. A few years later, in *Caelo tonantem*, Horace only said that Augustus would be regarded as a god if he annexed the British and Parthians; an underestimate, for Augustus let the British and Parthians alone and was eventually elected a god none the less. The longer Augustus lived and worked, the more highly Horace thought of him; but when Augustus or anybody else wanted him to write something out of his line which would be useful to the administration, Horace politely excused himself and stuck to the things he knew he could do.

He believed in Augustus as the bringer of peace and good government, but he was tepid in his support of Augustus the religious and moral reformer. He wrote *Delicta majorum inmeritus lues* in support of the public-building program; but though Augustus tried to encourage marriage Horace never married, and never even wrote any poems encouraging other people to marry. In short he was all for the reform wave so long as it did not interfere with Horace. Other citizens, of other nations, have felt the same way.

Well, what does this add up to? A man who knew that civil war was a bad thing, but that government by the wrong people could be worse; who wanted good government but preferred the kind of good government that lets a man's private life alone; who was, in the end, willing to give wholehearted support to a regime that could keep the peace, give reasonably honest administration, and allow men to go about their business, or their pleasure, in safety. It may not be the loftiest of civic ideals; but there are plenty of worse ones.

Lalage may have looked like this young lady.

Everybody has his favorite Horatian lyrics, and they need not all be alike; you can like the Regulus ode, and like *Vitas inuleo* and *Tu ne quaesieris* as well. But perhaps those most liked by most people are the poems that deal with the commonest of commonplaces—with the fact that men must die; that before they die they grow old; and that their friends have the bad habit of dying before them. What can we do about that? Horace did not know; he had not been taught to look to the other side of Jordan. But grant him this—he did not pretend to know what to do about it, except to make the best of what you have got while you are here, and not to let it worry you more than you can help. On his premises (not altogether unknown today) it is hard to think of anything better. Nor was this the indifference of a man who does not care what happens to the world when he is gone; while he lived he did what he could to support the one movement in his time that offered the best promise of the maintenance of a healthy society.

Horace (says Wilkinson) is not merely a poet but an international institution; so, in an age when all international institutions are in a sense interrelated, it seems apposite to offer some few observations on Horace and the atomic bomb. Once in his youth, when civil war had started up again in a world that could not stand much more of it, he let his fancy play with the idea of getting away from it all—but not himself alone; of all Rome getting away from it all, getting on shipboard as once the *exsecrata civitas* of the Phocaeans had done, and going west to the untouched Fortunate Isles. *"Juppiter illa piae secrevit litora genti."* But that was fancy; he knew there was no place to go; so eventually he sided with those who, staying at home, were trying to make the best of what they had.

Well, in due course one of Horace's countrymen found the Blessed Isles; agriculturally they proved as rich as Horace's fancy had pictured them—but now there is no place to get away from it all. We the *gens pia* that inherited them, *igni corusco nubila dividens* (were there clouds over Hiro-

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shima and Nagasaki?—at any rate that is a pretty good description of bombing through overcast) have managed to bring one world civil war to a satisfactory end; but we had better try not to have any more. The worst future Horace could imagine was *ferisque rursus occupabitur solum;* but an atomic war might not leave any animals, nor for that matter much soil for them to occupy.

Would Horace, faced by that peril, give up, and say "Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero"? I doubt it. In what must have been his greatest personal crisis, he went back to Rome and went to work; as all Rome went to work after Actium to make the best of what they had—and a quite respectable best it was, for quite a while. Horace was no flaming idealist, but he was a man of great good sense; and there are crises in which idealism and good sense point, if not to the same end, at least in the same direction.

No "Liberals" Need Apply

REVEILLE FOR RADICALS. By Saul D. Alinsky. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1945. 220 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

"ORDERLY REVOLUTION" is a term applied to the community organizational procedure advocated by Saul D. Alinsky in this book with a clarion title. Alinsky is a sociologist who differs from many of his fellows in that he cannot rest in his study chair riffling questionnaires and jotting notes for fashionable sermons. In the industrial backyard of Chicago and in other places he has helped to organize the "People's Organization," councils of unions, churches, neighborhood clubs, and the like, in an effort to solve local problems through concerted and democratic action. Success in Chicago has called favorable attention to the idea and no doubt been instrumental in the spread of People's Organizations to other communities. The underlying philosophy would seem an effective one for our modern communities. It is a mixture of idealistic faith in the popular will and of realistic expediency in arriving at it.

In any event the author is convinced that he has found salvation and this volume is at once a call to hit the sawdust trail and a handbook for missionaries of the cause. As exhortation he beats out that ever-thrilling theme of the American people, the theme which is so stirring in the "Ballad for Americans" and in so much of Stephen Vincent Benét —the commonness of the diverse American stocks and the heroic qualities of our John Browns, our Patrick Henrys, and our Jeffersons. They are the great radicals, men who thought with heart and mind. The people to whom Alinsky addresses himself are in this tradition. They are the ones who will risk their persons and their fortunes to effect the well-being of the oppressed. There is sharp distinction between radical and liberal he says. For the latter he has only contempt, chiefly it would seem because they worry about tactics and means. They are reluctant in an era of power to play the game of power. He has no faith, either, in labor unions alone, since they are by nature committed to capitalism, nor for that matter in any group whose chief reliance is on social structure rather than function.

Having damned in advance anyone who might be disturbed by the age-old business of using the ends to justify the means, Mr. Alinsky devotes the major portion of his work to demonstrating to his organizers the ways of building people's organizations. Some of us who like to think we subscribe to liberal principles will feel a faint nausea at the tricks advocated for winning friends and influencing people. Dale Carnegie is still the same old boy, even when he chooses to speak in the phrases of Tom Paine. But the author has taken care of that criticism in advance by placing in that very convenient ivory tower all those who "relax in luxurious security" and criticize the tactics and weapons he endorses. Rhetoric and name calling has never yet really met an argument.

The People's Organizations is a very attractive idea. The notion of combining existing groups which are rooted in local traditions and which often stem from psychologically important community needs is a grand one. The uniting of institutions, the awakening of people to the strength of commonness are things with which there can be no quarrel. Decency demands ardent support of an organization "founded for the purpose of uniting all of the organizations within the community, in order to promote the welfare of all residents of the community regardless of their race, color or creed, so that they may all have the opportunity to find health, happiness and security through the democratic way of life." If that purpose is to have more meaning than the very similar planks in the platforms of our political parties, it must be translated into vital action by men wih the fervor and heart of Alinsky. It must be met, too, by leaders with a sense of the frailty of man and with a sound knowledge of practical psychology. But when tricking and outsmarting become virtues, as they are made to appear here, the poor liberal suffers. And liberal used to be such a nice word.

Reading the reports of how old man Jones was apotheosized by an organizer who knew a Scrooge when he saw one, of how Honest John, the gambler, was won over by another, of the "Little Joes," of the Red Rowes, one reaches for his copy of Peter Odergard's "American Politics" and stares with new admiration at the account of the old Tammany machine methods.

"Reveille for Radicals" urges a good cause. Its trumpeter is on the side of the angels, a side with skirmishes already won. Finicky listeners are going to wish some of the notes were clearer.

"A CHILL NO COAT"

Translated by Christopher Morley

COMES the Season of Silence:
The Old Mandarin resumes his gown of hodden gray
And wary as a mouse in a woodbasket
Draws in for the winter.

He puts his wax ear-stopples near the hearth
(They'll be soft to plug in when needed).
The hurricane gave him plenty of firewood,
Publishers give him enough to read
And the radio more than enough
To meditate.

Blessing, to stay for a while in One Place;
Not have to go Anywhere;
Nowhere at all.

Like the draught from a leaking window
Comes a gooseflesh thought:
Eventually, O. M.,
You must.

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The Kipling Mystery

RUDYARD KIPLING. By Hilton Brown. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. 327 pp. $3.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

WHEN King George the Fifth died in January, 1936 it was said that he had taken his Trumpeter with him, for the troubled spirit of Rudyard Kipling had gone to its rest two days before. After the press of the world had celebrated Kipling's passing by innumerable obituaries, hastily drawn from newspaper morgues and the memories of critics who had paid so little attention to him for three decades, his name was again wrapped in silence, until a few critics, enthralled by the mystery entombed in Westminster Abbey, began to write of him seriously. The latest and most complete of these belated efforts to comprehend Kipling's life is a full-length biography by Hilton Brown that is both eloquent and candid.

What is this mystery? It is partly why a writer whose popularity everywhere raged unabated for the first twenty years of the new century should have been so completely neglected by the critics, as if when he had completed "The Jungle Books" in America in 1895 he had had nothing more to say to the world, though the great body of his work still remained to be written. But the greater mystery lay in his retreat from the world, when after his four mortifying years in Vermont he returned to England in 1899 to hole up like a surly badger on his estate, Bateman's Burwash, in Sussex. What had happened to the Kipling who came roaring into London at the age of twenty-four straight from his years of prodigious effort and observation in India, determined to conquer the capital of English literature and tradition, the Kipling who wrote, "Hotly we stormed Valhalla," and who wired his family in England this cryptic message, "Genesis XLV. 9, 10, 13," the young Caesar's way of saying, "I came, I saw, I conquered," though in the Bible it reads, "Thus sayeth thy son Joseph: God hath made me Lord of all Egypt; come down to me, tarry not"?

At first, the London of the nineties which this arrogant young genius invaded with his legend of an India that never existed and his "Plain Tales from the Hills" would have little to do with him, though he captivated Henley and Edmund Gosse and a young American publisher. The Indian stories had fallen flat, until the *Times* gave them a column review and then, as Lowell Thomas puts it, the effect was "as of an ice-jam on a river suddenly giving way." Oscar Wilde helped by committing his irretrievable error in suing the Marquess of Queensberry for criminal libel and being exiled utterly from polite English conversation, so that there was no force worth mentioning to oppose the new apostle of Empire.

But the seeds that were to change the exuberant and triumphant young man to the sullen Kipling who seemed old before his time were already planted. They had been planted in the memory of the boy who had been sent from India with his sister to a miserable servitude in the house of a woman in England who can best be described as a religious sadist. The story "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," however crassly sentimental, reveals his boyhood miseries and his loneliness, as "Stalky and Company" shows his suffering in the United Services School to which he was later sent. These oppressive years injured his spirit, made him at heart a recluse, arrogant and silent rather than shy.

He was only seventeen when he sat at a reporter's desk in the office of the *Civil and Military Gazette* at Lahore. He was only twenty-four when he left to conquer London. It is almost unbelievable that the spectacle of India and of Empire that was to captivate the world was formed in a boy's mind and that his impressions of oriental splendor and squalor have endured to this day, supplanting soberer and more reasoned studies. It is astonishing that for seven years this youth was to remain drunk with the conception of Empire and of the "manifest destiny" of the British to rule hundreds of millions of subject peoples. The truth is that had Kipling been born later, or perhaps had he lived longer, he would have been, as Hilton Brown writes, "a Fascist, or worse," though one might inquire what could be worse as we see the world in 1946.

As Kipling grew older, this dream of what amounted to a super-race with trained and disciplined servants in a worldwide Civil Service grew stronger rather than weaker. He always saw the world divided into two classes, the rulers, unselfish and all-wise, the masses in whom resided all the virtues, except that of being able to take care of themselves, or manage their affairs. Kipling never appreciated the rise of an educated middle class in India, though the Indian National Congress first met while he was in India. To him, the educated Indians, many of whom were lawyers, were like the clever monkeys in vaudeville who have been trained to ride a bicycle.

Rudyard Kipling, "disliked and bitterly attacked, was, nevertheless, one of the greatest story-tellers of all time."

Kipling's marriage to an American woman, the sister of the young publisher, Balestier, whom we have mentioned, led to his disastrous four years in America, where he was trapped into an ugly quarrel with another brother of hers which led to a counter-suit for libel. The family fled from Vermont to a New York hotel, where he nearly died and where his eldest daughter passed away. He loved children, and this beautiful blue-eyed child was the apple of his eye. This loss, from which he never recovered, and the hurt to his pride suffered as the result of Vermont's oafish delight in his misfortune, as well as the attack on him by the American press, was enough to turn him into the recluse he became.

The conqueror of London fled home like a whipped lion, though his books were being read all over the world by the millions. Thereafter, he lived in seclusion in the heart of the dying country where the squire and the parson still ruled over a subject and virtuous peasantry who were willing to pull a humble forelock when addressed by the lord of the manor. The English upper class took him to their bosom and got precious little out of him, though it was said that his wife never let him out of her sight except to dine with a duchess.

In his writing he turned from India to England and to the machine, which he glorified and trained to speak with human accents. He plunged into England's dim past and

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dug up the dead Romans and Celts. In his many volumes there are to be found the legends and history of old folkways and old dreams, for he became more and more mystic as he grew older, sometimes successfully, as in his "They" or in "The Brushwood Boy."

But still in all these years from 1900 until his death he was surrounded by a pall of critical silence. His militarism, his dream of Britain's Empire dominating the world, was politically nauseous to the politicians, and the British public, who still lived by virtue of dividends from all quarters of the world, were coldly indifferent to Englishmen toiling in India and Africa and China. As Bernard Shaw said cruelly at the time of Kipling's death, "He never grew up; he began by being behind the times."

But Rudyard Kipling was not a statesman or a politician; he was a creator of stories, a genius, in fact. It may be that he was destroyed by his pride and by his early sufferings. It may be that his preoccupation with sickness and pathological states of mind in his later years turned him from the paths of common folk and that he lived between a dream of the dead splendor of the never-never land he had glorified and a sullen and suppressed rage of disappointment.

But whatever the reason and the mystery, Kipling's death in 1936 was a shock to the whole world. A man who might have been stuffed with sawdust had departed from it, a man who had been disliked and bitterly attacked, but who was, nevertheless, one of the greatest story-tellers of all times. It is safe to say this clear and unprejudiced analysis of his life, which agrees in so many ways with Edmund Wilson's briefer interpretation in "The Wound and the Bow," will only be a preface to more books about Kipling and finally to an official, full-dress biography which we who remember him can only wait for with impatience.

Gullyrakers and Larrikins

THE AUSTRALIAN LANGUAGE. By Sidney J. Baker. Sydney, Australia: Angus and Robertson, Ltd., 1945. *pp. xiii*, 425. (*No price given.*)

Reviewed by ROBERT E. SPILLER

THERE was a great to-do some years ago when H. L. Mencken announced an "American language" and began to write books about it. The chief language spoken in the United States, said the scholars quite correctly, originated as a dialect of English. It how has differentiations from the mother tongue but not enough of them to constitute a separate language. It should therefore be known as "American English." Jingoists on the other hand urged that a nation which had no language of its own was showing a degree of subservience unbecoming to an independent world power. Although our predominant language may have originated in England, it is now American because it is spoken in America, and British English is as much a dialect of American as American English is of British. Thus the Revolutionary War was fought once again as it had been a few years previously on the issue of an "American literature."

As in many heated controversies, the issue here is itself semantic. The authorities were quarreling over definitions rather than realities. In order to be studied historically, the language of the United States is best regarded as a dialect of that of Britain. But to be studied sociologically and psychologically, it must be accepted as a separate phenomenon. If a people have acquired an independence of experience, the language they speak can be fully understood only when it is analysed as the expression of that experience. The term "American language" is merely another way of saying "the language of Americans," whatever the origins of that language may have been. To Mr. Mencken goes the largest share of credit for this now-accepted approach to the study of our speech, and his achievement has more than justified his method.

Now a disciple of Mr. Mencken has published in Sydney "The Australian Language," "an examination of the English language and English speech as used in Australia, from convict days to the present, with special reference to the growth of indigenous idiom and its use by Australian writers." The issue is raised once more, this time in a country geographically separated from but politically tied to Great Britain, a country which is economically and psychologically rather closer to the United States than it is to its parent, but which is linguistically independent of both. Sidney Baker has a scholar's knowledge of his subject and a journalist's skill in its presentation. He gives to Australians their language in the same way that Mr. Mencken gave us ours. His method is openly imitative, his results are wholly original.

The Australian experience is in many ways unique. The predominance of early convict settlement, the proximity of the Orient, the presence of black aborigines, the remoteness from Europe and its domestic problems, the great extent and wide variety of its geography, and the rapid increase in its population since 1850—these are a few of the factors which distinguish it from experience in any other part of the world. And words suitable for expression of these factors have been invented from time to time: "bush," the idiom of the "outback"; "gully-raker," a cattle thief; "kangaroo," which needs no definition although it is purely Australian; "sharkbait," a too-venturesome swimmer; and, most delightful of all, "larrikin," an Australian brand of ruffian. "If an Australian boy or youth," says Mr. Baker, "does not have a little of the larrikin in him, he is a milk-sop being scarcely worthy of his inheritance."

To the Sydney *Bulletin* goes most of the credit for discovering and preserving this native idiom. "From the outset of its career in 1880," writes Mr. Baker, "the *Bulletin* was nationalistic in the keenest sense of the word. . . . Perhaps never in the history of world journalism has a paper stood nearer to the heart of a country." Other sources are early compilations of Australian "slang," Lake's supplement to "Webster" and Morris' "Austral English" (both 1898), his own linguistic analysis of Australian literature, and his direct observations of Australian speech. There is even a section on pidgin-English, using such sources as the New Guinea Catholic journal "Frend Belong Mi," and some consideration of the special debt of Austral English to French.

Mr. Baker has done a thorough and readable job, proving conclusively that the Australians have a language of their own in the sociological and semantic senses. But he does not attempt, as his American sponsor did, to write in this idiom to the virtual exclusion of more conventional forms. If the test of the separateness of a language be in comprehension by others, there is no separate Australian language, because the style of this book would be almost equally accept-

In Vain the Cicadas

By Christine Turner Curtis

IN vain the cicadas
announce summer's end—
in vain nights lengthen
and sharp turns the wind.

Fall signs and portents
are plain to be read;
Hamamelis flowering,
the wild rice in seed.

In vain she flouts
indubitable alarms
as on his glance
the thin ice forms.

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able in Oxford, Boston, San Francisco, or Melbourne. The promise of the picturesque Menckenese opening paragraph—"If it (this book) had an end it would pitchfork us down the slippery-dip of time into a world we will never know"—is not fulfilled in the temperate pages which follow. Only in specialized vocabulary, idiom, and pronunciation is the Australian language distinct; but it is in these fringes of meaning that language growth takes place, and Mr. Baker has classed himself with those who would use scholarship to encourage and guide rather than to restrict such growth. Nowhere is his common sense more clearly shown than in his contention that borrowings of American slang are far less general than is supposed and far less dangerous to Australian autonomy of speech than jingoist journalists fear. His study of their language makes the character and experience of the Australians more vivid and comprehensible to other English-speaking peoples than could any other form of sociological investigation. And it is time that we became better acquainted with our Southwestern neighbor.

Let us hope that this book will soon be republished and made available in this country.

Tall Tales from Polynesia

THE SHIP OF FLAME. A Saga of the South Seas. By William S. Stone. Illustrated by Nicolas Mordvinoff. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 165 *pp.* $7.50.

Reviewed by EDWIN GRANT BURROWS

IT is cheering to see that the tradition of romantic tales about the South Seas, by people who have lived there, has survived America's new and intensely practical interest in Pacific islands. The tradition goes back at least to Herman Melville, and might be traced on through Bougainville to Rousseau and his adulation of Natural Man; though Rousseau, of course, never lived in the South Seas himself. The author of this book, William S. Stone and the illustrator, Nicolas Mordvinoff live in Tahiti, probably the setting of more romantic tales than any other one island. For their theme they have drawn upon a far older tradition, Polynesian folklore. This has been little exploited in our literature, except in a few books for children, though folklorists have filled volumes with collections of tales.

The skipper of the *Ship of Flame* was Rata, slayer of monsters. In the old days his exploits were known all the way from Hawaii to New Zealand. Devotees of the hard-boiled school of fiction might find the manner of telling his story in this book sentimental. Yet which of their heroes could take it and dish it out with Rata? A bird of prey as big as a house swooped upon him. He lopped off its wings and used them for sails. A clam as big as a small island swallowed his canoe, as it had swallowed his father's canoe before him, with all on board. Rata, who had come on purpose to avenge his father, hewed through the huge column of muscle that held the two shells together, and took the honored bones back home.

It would be interesting to compare reactions to this book by men who served during the war in Polynesian islands with those by men who served elsewhere in the Pacific. It seems a safe bet that those who toiled and fought among the fuzzy-headed people of the black—Melanesian—islands would say, "It was not like that at all;" or higher-flavored words to the same effect. Nobody fought in Polynesian islands, and not so many toiled there, except in Hawaii and New Zealand, where there is not much of Polynesia left. Still, a fair number manned air bases on little islands where Polynesians still live under thatched roofs: soldiers at Borabora, Tongareva, Tongatapu; marines at Funafuti and Uvea (Wallis Island). Of this contingent, those who can relish tall tales of old days at all should find this book sympathetic. Indeed, anyone who really enjoys stories like those of the King Arthur cycle, or the Nibelungenlied, or the Odyssey, would be at home aboard Rata's *Ship of Flame*, and probably find him not unworthy of comparison with those other heroes. Like them, Rata and his men are not complex personalities, but straightforward bundles of a few manly characteristics.

In adapting Rata's adventures for readers of English, Stone has made a good many changes from the versions recorded by folklorists. But he always remains true to Polynesia. The cast of characters is reduced, and those who remain are given longer parts. The sturdy plebeian steersman Hoa Pahi is admirably brought to life out of little more than a passing glimpse in native versions, and developed into a foil for the hero, like the faithful Achates or—with all satire left out—Sancho Panza. A South Seas tale in our tradition is hardly conceivable without its dusky beauty. Stone gives us one in Turia, with apparently no more to go on than barest mention of the fact that Rata had a wife. Such a character is not foreign to Polynesian thinking, for other tales have their beautiful ingenue: Hina, whose name might be translated Snow White, though it is only in Hawaii and New Zealand that Polynesians know what snow looks like. They associate Hina rather with the moon, which they call Mahina.

Similarly, the native story-tellers took little time out for descriptive detail. Their audiences knew what life in the islands was like, and could form their own mental pictures. But for foreigners who do not know, or have known as little and like to remember, Stone has sketched in the background with effective bits of scenery, and household routine, and native belief. It is no tourist's impression, either; every bird and plant and superstition belongs in that setting. This too, has its warrant in native folk literature; not in tales, but in songs. What other primitive people touch up their songs with such delicately perceived natural imagery?

Mordvinoff's pictures are equally true to life. They recall his celebrated predecessor Gauguin only a little, and by no means lack a style of their own. They exaggerate some characteristics, but that is an artist's privilege, perhaps his duty. For instance, the noses of some of his people, very long vertically and slightly depressed at the tip, are like Polynesian noses, only more so. They could hardly be anything else than Polynesian. In only one instance does he fail, for one spectator at least, to recreate the South Seas. That is the colored frontispiece. The men in the bows, and the glimpse of an island in the background are admirable there, too. But the too massive, too regular lines of the ship, and its color, suggest terra cotta rather than hewn wood.

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Three Poets

HA! HA! AMONG THE TRUMPETS. By Alun Lewis. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1945. 75 pp. $1.75.

THE SONG OF LAZARUS. By Alex Comfort. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 99 pp. $1.75.

BALLAD OF THE BONES AND OTHER POEMS. By Byron Herbert Reece. New York: E. P. Dutton Co. 1945. 93 pp. $2.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

THE late Alun Lewis died at the age of twenty-eight, a lieutenant in the South Wales Borderers, on the Burma front. This slight volume contains a record of the experience of his last days, the England he was leaving, the India in which he was to die, and the voyage out. Mr. Lewis has in high degree that quality, much more common among the British than the Americans, of making the reader feel that he is the product of a long and logical process of assimilation. He seems to have, without slavish imitation, the British poetic tradition. He appears to be fighting with his emotions and sensibilities, not against them.

In his introduction to "Ha! Ha! Among the Trumpets," Robert Graves quotes Lewis as saying: "For myself I can't claim as much hold on the universal as some poets and consider my poems as expressions of personal experience." This they very definitely are, but personal experience with a strong kinship to things universal. Mr. Lewis, like so many modern poets, has been influenced by Rilke, but Rilke, too, seems to have been assimilated, to have become a fuel rather than a temperature to be maintained. These poems are the record not only of personal experience but of a personality—the personality of a gentle, sensitive man who saw himself clearly, who loved his fellow men, his home, his life, and who never seemed to think, in the midst of his pity for those about him, that he was risking himself. Reading "Ha! Ha! Among the Trumpets" is not like reading war poetry, though the poems are almost all concerned with war or its shadow, so much as like meeting and talking to a poet, a poet who, when the meeting is over, will be remembered as a man.

Mr. Comfort's name will probably be unfamiliar to most readers of poetry, although some of the work contained in "The Song of Lazarus" has appeared in magazines in this country and in two volumes published abroad. He is the author of a novel, "The Power House," recently published, which was a book of considerable power, written with conviction and an emotional intensity which may well have made the reader wonder if the producer of it was not, in fact, a poet.

"The Song of Lazarus" answers that question, if somewhat disappointingly. Mr. Comfort is a poet. Make no mistake about that. Yet the clarity and directness of his prose is missing in his poems. They are filled with careful and beautiful imagery but they remain amorphous, nebulous, and, singularly enough, without genuine strength. Their mood is one not of robust affirmation but of sympathetic melancholy. They remind the reader (this reader at least) of Rilke with Rilke left out. It is, perhaps, a certain limitation of range that produces this disappointing effect. Mr. Comfort possesses a great deal of facility, a talent for relating the deep dark channels of man's intellectual force to the objective world of experience, yet the reader comes away from the book with a sense of having been listening to a man with a pure and distinguished baritone who unfortunately knew only a part of one very sad song and kept going over and over it again and again.

In the first section of "The Song of Lazarus" are a number of shorter lyrics which are full of surprising bits of sharp imagery and bits, equally surprising, of sheer clumsiness. Characteristic of these is "Carol for 1941":

> Skew-crossed Orion leans to point the roof—
> a peach born out of season with no sun—
> the gold straws rustle under sightless God.
>
> Whom soldiers sing tonight under paper lanterns,
> where the drink is gold, and there are letters from home
> smelling of pine, fingered by far hands
>
> the perpetual son is born. The ox forgets
> under his cloud of meadow-smelling steam
> society which postulates his flesh.

It seems to this reviewer that Mr. Comfort's use, particularly in "The Song of Lazarus" (the title poem), of a formless stanza pattern and an indefinite frame of substance for the contents of his poem tempts him occasionally to go on piping his melancholy reed long after he has finished his tune. This failure makes monotonous an entire book of poems which, taken individually, might often seem striking.

Herbert Byron Reece is a young

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

GROUPS OF CHARACTERS

In this week's quiz we have ten groups of characters listed. Can you identify each group and name the author who created them? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 20.

1. Knight, Squire, Yeoman, Prioress, Monk, Friar, Merchant, Clerk, Lawyer, Franklin, Cook, Sailor, Physician, Wife of Bath, Parson, Plowman, Miller, Maunciple, Reeve, Summoner, Pardoner, and Host.
2. Sicily Clump, Callous Deech, Jasper DeVoid, Callie Flukers, Keefe Gaines, Orifice Latimer, Semore Mashby, Epic Peters, Welford Potts, Opus Randall, Forcep Swain, and Plato Tubb.
3. Adeline, Ernest, Nicholas, Renny, Meg, Eden, Piers, Finch, Wakefield, Pheasant, and Alayne.
4. Bradstreet, Forbes, Gregson, Hill, Hopkins, Athelney Jones, Peter Jones, Lanner, Lestrade, MacDonald, MacKinnon, Merivale, Morton, Patterson, and Youghal.
5. Olga Brandt, Bernice Niemeyer, Susan Paige, Mary Harper, Mary McCune, Madeleine Vauclain, Judith Canfield, Ann Braddock, Kaye Hamilton, Linda Shaw, Jean Maitland, Bobby Melrose, Pat Devine, Kendall Adams, Louise Mitchell, and Terry Randall.
6. Ann, Jolyon, James, Swithin, Roger, Julia, Hester, Nicholas, Timothy, and Susan.
7. John Oakhurst, the Duchess, Mother Shipton, Uncle Billy, Piney, and the Innocent.
8. Grapple, Grip, Gyp, Lassie, Owd Bob, Rasper, Red Wull, Shep, and Venus.
9. Mrs. Moskowitz, Miss Mitnick, Mr. Bloom, Mrs. Rodriguez, Miss Kowalski, Miss Hirschfield, Miss Goldberg, Miss Caravello, Mr. Pinsky, Mr. Feigenbaum, Mr. Scymzak, and Mr. Weinstein.
10. Georgie Bassett, Roderick Bitts, Carlie Chitten, Rupe Collins, Fanchon Gilbraith, Marjorie Jones, Rudolph Krauss, Maurice Levy, Clara Raypole, Amy Rennsdale, Victorine Riordan, Mabel Rorebeck, and Sam Williams.

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man with a natural lyric talent, and he is obviously steeped in the best traditional poetry, including the Bible.

Reece is a folk singer, but not of the colloquial homespun order. Brought up in the southern mountains where in some sections the heritage of Elizabethan England still persists, Mr. Reece's ballads have the authentic flavor of those early English minstrels. Here are the sad lyrics about thwarted lovers, the grim concise verses about murder and seduction, the legendary hunters pursuing the symbolic fox—all the materials of that dramatic and stirring sixteenth century poetry used again with a technique which is at once artless and yet highly precise and expert. He has captured the idiom and manner so completely that several of these—"Ballad of the Weaver," and "Lest the Lonesome Bird"—could take their places among "Percy's Reliques" without apology. The danger that Mr. Reece will have to avoid is the danger of finding it too easy to echo the kind of poetry he knows and loves. He is obviously influenced by Housman, by William Morris, by Millay, by Walter de la Mare, and he has not been able to separate himself from his influences. Also being a young man of quick and responsive imagination he in many of his poems is carried away by imagery and metaphor which are themselves the trappings of poetry—thus the title poem of the collection is full of the color and dramatic vigor of the Old Testament and is for the most part poetic adaptation. His briefer lyrics and personal poems have a directness and simplicity which is moving and charming though they, too, seem occasionally reminiscent of other voices. There's nothing wrong with being influenced—most young writers are—and Mr. Reece has enough talent and genuine poetic integrity to make him worth watching; all the more so when, as he must, he finally speaks out for himself.

Social Comment in Poetry

A STREET IN BRONZEVILLE. By Gwendolyn Brooks. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. 57 pp. $2.

Reviewed by STARR NELSON

THIS little book of poems is both a work of art and a poignant social document. It is doubly effective on both scores because it seems such delightfully artless art and (in spite of its razor edges) so innocent of deliberation in its social comment. Simply out of curiosity, let us say, the reader begins a stroll down that unnamed Street. Almost immediately, and with no coercion on the part of the author, we abandon our present identity and become one of the denizens of Bronzeville. We find that we live in a "kitchenette building," and that our secret dreams must fight with "yesterday's garbage ripening in the hall" and with the lukewarm exiguities of the bath. We get acquainted with our neighbors right away. They are mothers of aborted babies; they're the chocolate adolescents in the alley; they are the Madam, whose savings go into her red-velvet lined coffin; and the hunchback girl dreaming of a straight and proper heaven; they are the "cool chick down on Calumet" whose man has patent-leather hair, though "his muscle is pitiful"; and Moe Belle Jackson, whose husband "whipped her good last night"; they are Matthew Cole—"the pleasantest man—always a smile"—who for ten years has lived with the cockroaches in a four-dollar-a-week cubicle over on Lafayette; "Satin-Legs" Smith (his inamoratas bestowed the title) whose glory is his draped and padded suits. . . . They are these, and many others. Oddly enough, we never feel sorry for these neighbors as we move among them. We know them, instead. What we feel is not pity but sympathy—an extension of our capacity for aliveness and awareness of being.

It is only afterward, though, when we close the book and are back again on a street in Bronzeville—or on West 11 in the Village, say, or the Drive, or the Avenue—that we feel the intangible full impact of those bodies and souls of Bronzeville. We feel a little haunted, then. We remember so much! We remember the "Negro Hero." This, perhaps the most memorable poem in Miss Brooks's volume,

is a powerful indictment of racial intolerance, and the more so because it contains not one drop of racial self-pity.

> "I had to kick their law into their teeth in order to save them."

It is the Negro Hero himself speaking, and he speaks very calmly, even humbly. Let me quote a part of this unforgettable poem:

> It was a tall time. And of course my blood was
> Boiling about in my head and straining and howling and singing me on.
> Of course I was rolled on wheels of my boy itch to get at the gun.
> Of course all the delicate rehearsal shots of my childhood massed in mirage before me.
> Of course I was child
> And my first swallow of the liquor of battle bleeding black air dying and demon noise
> Made me wild.
>
> It was kinder than that, though, and I showed like a banner my kindness.
> I loved. And a man will guard when he loves.
> Their white-gowned democracy was my fair lady.
> With her knife lying cold, straight, in the softness of her sweet-flowing sleeve.
> But for the sake of the dear smiling mouth and the stuttered promise I toyed with my life.
> I threw back!—I would not remember
> Entirely the knife.
>
> Still—am I good enough to die for them, is my blood bright enough to be spilled,
> Was my constant back-question—are they clear
> On this? Or do I intrude even now?
> Am I clean enough to kill for them, do they wish me to kill
> For them or is my place while death licks his lips and strides to them
> In the galley still?

As unforgettable in its way is the "Ballad of Pearl May Lee," poor black gal whose Sammy-boy paid with his life for his "taste of pink and white honey." The thing has a true ballad flavor of lilt and horror mingled. Miss Brooks chills one's spine in one or two other poems in this volume, notably in "The Murder." This poem is really a small miracle of horror.

"A Street in Bronzeville" ends with a parade of twelve sonnets under the heading "Gay Chaps at the Bar." The sonnets are not gay. But save for *my dreams, my works, must wait till after hell* and *the white troops had their orders but the Negroes looked like men* the sonnets are not singularly good. Not that any are poor sonnets, by any standard—but coming after the abandon, the pungency, and the devilchild-like clarity of the ballads and genre pieces, they seem to me a little strained and too contrived.

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The Father of Homeopathy

HAHNEMANN: The Adventurous Career of a Medical Rebel. By Martin Gumpert, M.D. New York: L. B. Fischer. 1945. 251 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ALBERT Q. MAISEL

THE path of medical progress is strewn with the bodies of rebellious innovators. Denounced and crucified as quacks by the orthodox sages of their generation, they have in numerous instances been accepted, posthumously, grudgingly, and partially, and their techniques absorbed into the main body of medical knowledge. That the fault has not always been entirely with the orthodox is well exemplified by the case of Hahnemann, the father of homeopathy. Hahnemann revolted against the barbaric excesses of the physicians and pharmacists of his day, who competed with each other in concocting ever more complicated and increasingly unpalatable nostrums. But Hahnemann's minuscule doses proved more potable than potent. Truth lay somewhere in between the extreme which brought on Hahnemann's revolt against this and other orthodox practices, and the dynamic German's equal if opposite excesses.

Hahnemann's cult, which won much favor in both America and the Old World (and which led to the founding of such institutions as Flower Hospital and Medical School in New York and the Hahnemann Hospital of Philadelphia), has long since lost its independent vitality. But, in merging into today's orthodox medicine, it has brought into general usage much of its specific practice and even more of its attitudes and modes of approaching medical problems.

Dr. Gumpert is fascinated by the personality and experiences of his persecuted and ostracized medical rebel. His enthusiasm for his subject is both contagious and easily understandable, for Hahnemann was one of those all too infrequent vivid, pugnacious, and original personalities who, even after death, find only partisans and opponents rather than cool and balanced evaluators. The demonically energetic doctor lived a life astoundingly full and overflowing. When, passing eighty, the retired savant married a passionate and beautiful woman fifty years his junior and, moving with her to Paris, quickly became the most successful and richest physician in France, nature not merely imitated art; it far transcended the limits of credibility which restrict the creators of mere fiction.

Yet, although the consideration of Hahnemann as an iconoclastic individual yields a fast-moving and at times startlingly exciting biography, it is to be regretted that Dr. Gumpert has not helped his readers very far along the road toward an understanding of Hahnemann's fight as but one incident in a continuing and necessary series of revolts against the tendency of medicine to fall into ultra-conservative hands. Hahnemann's rebellion represented not merely the postulating of a new series of medical theories. The essence of its importance lay in the rigidity of the medical profession which could not or would not give fair hearing and fair trial to new postulates.

Today, the same sort of stand-pattism is retarding the development of medicine as a servant of the people in half a dozen ways. Some of these road-blocks concern theories and practices which only extremely specialized scientific minds are in a position to comprehend fully. But others, concerned mainly with the social aspects of medical service, are well known to many among the laity.

The controversies over Sister Kenny and her polio treatments (involving as they do a most grudging and long delayed adaptation of techniques which, in the end, have proved far more efficacious than anything the orthodox had previously developed) provide a case in point. The still continuing resistance of ophthalmologists to techniques of visual training, despite extremely promising results obtained by optometrists and even some physicians, provide another current instance.

Best known of all is the long rearguard action of the American Medical Association—in alliance, it is often alleged, with monopolistic drug houses—against plans that would make medical care available to millions who never see a doctor today except at death's door. Here the merits or demerits of the Truman-Wagner-Murray-Dingell proposals are merely the immediate issue. The opposition to these proposals, no matter how well founded it may be, will inevitably be judged in the light of the fact that the same groups have also opposed most of the changes, along the same lines, which have occurred in recent decades: changes which they now most heartily endorse.

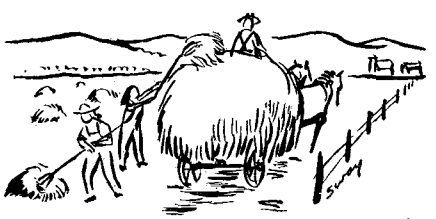
It is in this continuing pattern of unscientific resistance to change that Hahnemann remains of interest to the present day. The readers of Dr. Gumpert's book—and they should be many—will get most out of it only if they themselves supply what the author has largely omitted, a constant comparison between the events of a hundred years ago and those which are occurring under our eyes.

A Farmer Glares at Washington

USDA, MANAGER OF AMERICAN AGRICULTURE. By Ferdie Deering. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 1945. 213 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RUSSELL LORD

IT is astonishing how loudly the most zealous advocates of free enterprise complain when the spirit of cut-throat competition rears its lively head amid the departments and bureaus of our Government. Surely the *Oklahoma Farmer Stockman*, which the author of this book edits, duplicates in function a number of other farm papers within its field. Surely the staff would howl to heaven were it proposed by a government man that all the magazines within this field give up the standing names on their mastheads, foreswear their pet techniques and manners, and combine harmoniously for the advancement of the general welfare.



This is the demand that Ferdie Deering, a most robust individual, makes of administrators, staff technicians, and extension or information specialists in arms as proud and various as the Extension Service, the Soil Conservation Service, the Forest Service, the Farm Security Administration, and many others; and he wants it all done at one swoop. Starting in the field, on ground that he knows, he points out truly that it is stupid to have four separate United States Department of Agriculture outposts, or even as many as twelve, in a single county seat. Then, skipping over a detangled wildwood of state educational and political alliances which help powerfully to perpetuate such loose arrangements, he turns a baleful glare on Washington and speaks darkly of a plot at the top to ensnare and "manage" our entire agriculture.

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This seems to me little more than irritated sputter, confused mumble-bumble. It would be nearer the truth to say that intense growing pains on the part of our agriculture have forced our Department of Agriculture to throw federal funds and workers into one emergency-action program after another, hard and fast. These funds, programs, and staffs have been set up successively. The first major state-federal setup, the Land Grant Colleges' Coöperating Extension Services, with its County Agents, is still the most powerful; and it is backed powerfully by its semi-legitimate private offspring, the American Farm Bureau Federation. Then along came Agricultural Adjustment Administration, to bail the farmers out by means of compensated crop control. War needs decreased for the while the need of that. The Soil Conservation Service followed in to do a greatly needed job and receive the cheers of all.

All of these outfits take competitive pride in their names and jobs. Sometimes they overlap in function, work at odds, and put on regular mountain feuds among themselves. But the critic who envisions a Red or un-American plot against freedom at the top is generally seeing bogies. Such rampageous rivalry and wasteful duplication is all too American, really. Our Civil Service must grow up.

In agriculture this is happening, but with continuing growing pains. I live in one of the nation's 1400 Soil Conservation Districts, a new unit of American government, where technicians of the Department—soil conservators, county agents, foresters, and specialists in other arms alike—work harmoniously on common problems at the groundline, together with five local farmers elected as District Supervisors. And in Washington, as Mr. Deering testifies, successive efforts at sensible reorganization of agriculture under Henry A. Wallace, and then under the all-too-powerless wartime Secretary, Claude Wickard, are advancing into more powerful proposals for sweeping reorganization under Secretary Clinton P. Anderson.

Deering's book was started, I gather, under the Wickard aegis, and he had to shift targets in passage.

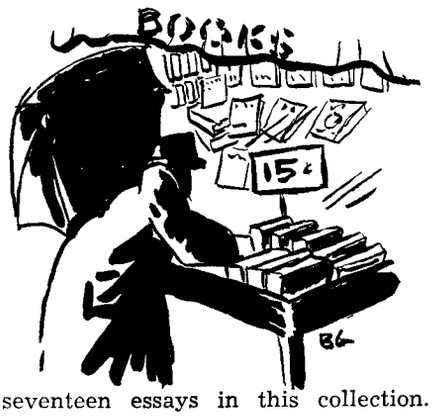
This forthright book from a Western farm outpost is valuable. It will help keep things moving. And when Ferdie Deering throws his sombrero into the world's ring and shouts that American farmers with their fresher soils and mechanized skills can farm for the world market with no crouching behind tariff walls—no crouching for them and no crouching for industry—why, then, that is the kind of free competitive spirit one can unreservedly admire.

The Humanities at Chapel Hill

A STATE UNIVERSITY SURVEYS THE HUMANITIES. Edited with a Foreword by Loren C. Mackinney, Micholson B. Adams, Harry K. Russell. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1945. 262 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by ERIC BENTLEY

THOSE who already know something of the unusual record of the University of North Carolina—surely one of the two or three best state universities in the country—will not be surprised at the fact that Wallace E. Caldwell's survey of the humanities at Chapel Hill between 1795 and 1945 is the most impressive of the



seventeen essays in this collection. How infinitely preferable is a sober report of concrete achievements to the orotund platitudes and pompous resolutions of most educational writing!

Since the survey is placed at the beginning of the book, the other sixteen essays, contributed by representatives of all the main fields of knowledge, form a somewhat rhapsodic—and lengthy—anticlimax. The survey is very definitely Chapel Hill; the other papers would be just as much at home wherever educational uplift is the vogue—that is, in any state in the Union.

There is one essay in the book, however, which is not part of the anticlimax. This is a remarkable piece of nearly sixty pages by Norman Foerster entitled "The Future of the Humanities in State Universities." Mr. Foerster is interesting because he is angry, critical, and symptomatic. He provides some passionately accurate criticism of faculties, administrations, and students as they really are. "The examples offered by the state university faculty," he says, "are mainly of three types: pedants, dilettanti, and career-builders." An exact analysis, exactly elaborated in such sentences as "they maintain respectability by publishing as pedants or scholars while teaching as dilettanti!" Yet like so many people at present who can tell you what is wrong with our civilization, Mr. Foerster is downright puerile when it comes to accounting for the wrong (much less suggesting an alternative). To account for *all* wrongs he invents a single bogyman whose name is Naturalism and whose prophet is John Dewey. Hatred of the past, philistinism, overspecialization, stupidity, in fact everything that is hostile to education and humanity, everything Mr. Foerster dislikes, is put down to the malign influence of Naturalism.

So, for all his fine jeremiads, Mr. Foerster never comes down to brass tacks. What, one might ask, has his essay to do with state universities in particular? What he says of institutions applies—if at all—to every kind of university. What he says of professors applies to all professors and, I'm afraid, *mutatis mutandis*, to all men: in what profession are there not pedants, dilettanti, and career-builders? And did these people not flourish before scientific Naturalism came into existence?

I trust that the University of North Carolina is not committed to Mr. Foerster's views. Unfortunately an editorial preface does use the language of Foersterism in protesting that the world has recently become "dangerously materialistic and mechanistic" because it "has stressed technical progress more than cultural values." Now if, by materialism, the Foersterians mean greed they surely cannot blame that deadly sin on Naturalism. Even if we restrict our attention to the modern age, can it be said that the philosophy of Naturalism has been propagated by profiteers? Has not the plutocrat been often the loudest champion of the spiritual against the material? And has he not had the best reasons for being so? Here for instance is the spokesman of business in the volume under review: "The interruptions of a first and a second world war and a prolonged depression running throughout the decade of 1930 to 1940 have retarded the development of business as an instrument in the evolution of man's progress."

Here is an un-economic interpretation of history with a vengeance! Business itself is regarded as chiefly a spiritual fact! Finding ourselves in a world where the spokesmen of business talk this way, a world where the claptrap of spirituality is chiefly a smokescreen for minority interests, we may legitimately feel that, before a humane civilization can be achieved, we shall have to do a lot more "materialistic" and "mechanistic" thinking.

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Icelandic Poetry, 900 to 1300 A. D.

THE SKALDS. A selection of Their Poems by Lee M. Hollander. New York: Princeton University Press for The American-Scandinavian Foundation. 1945. 216 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by CHARLES WHARTON STORK

DOES the mention of the Poetic Edda thrill you with nostalgic vibrations? Do such words as Thrymskvida or Sigurd Fafnirsbane stir your heart "more than with a trumpet?" Then you will probably enjoy Professor Hollander's book about the skalds, the Icelandic court poets who flourished, roughly—very roughly—from the tenth to the thirteenth century, A.D.

It must be admitted, however, that the going here is fairly hard, even for the most Germanic-minded reader. The blame for this can surely not be laid at the door of Professor Hollander, who gives, one may venture to say, as clear and enthusiastic a picture as is possible of an extremely abstruse phase of literary composition. A popular presentation of skaldic poetry has long been a crying need, and this, as far as the present reviewer knows, is the first attempt of the kind in English.

Who were these skalds and how did their compositions differ from the poems of the earlier Edda? To quote from Professor Richard Beck's "History of the Scandinavian Literature."

> All the latter are anonymous, whereas the names, and in many cases the lives of the skalds, are known to us. The Eddic poems preserve mythology, ethical views, and heroic love; the skaldic poetry almost exclusively sings the praises of kings and chieftains. Finally the metrical form of the Eddic poems is simple, though elevated; that of skaldic poetry highly complicated.

As to form, the poetry of the skalds resembles that of the Icelandic Edda and the Anglo-Saxon Beowulf in the use of aliterative verse, but differs in requiring a precise number of syllables in the line, usually only six. This gives a very "tight" effect, as compared with the sweep and freedom of the anonymous epics. The second chief characteristic of the skalds' technic is a much more prolific and elaborate use of the "kenning" or synonym, *e.g.*, denominating the sword a "battle-flame" or the chieftain a "ring-giver." The skald goes so far as to call the chieftain the "greedy-ones' friend," meaning that he gives many corpses of the slain to the wolves, the "greedy ones." It has not occurred to Professor Hollander to compare the style of the skalds with the Grecian odes of Pindar, who was accused of sowing his metaphors "with the sack instead of with the hand."

As to contents, the themes of the skald are both monotonous and stereotyped. He is generally an official court poet, paid to celebrate the valor and generosity of his lord. The most vital interest to be found in the present volume is the picture it gives of the general life of the time.

By far the most dramatic as well as the most accomplished of these Nordic minstrels was Egil Skallagrimsson, who flourished about the middle of the tenth century. As a climax to his career of blood feuds, conspiracies, and marauding voyages he found himself shipwrecked in the north of England, a region then under the protection of King Eric of Norway, his bitterest foe. Rather than seek refuge in flight, Egil induced his brother-in-law Arinbiorn to accompany him directly into the presence of Eric. Here was a situation indeed. By all rights the poet's head was forfeit to the king, whose son he had killed in battle in Norway. But through his very daring and the powerful support of Arinbiorn he was granted a hearing and a night in which to prepare it. At first he was interrupted by a swallow, supposedly the spirit of Queen Gunnhild, who was much more implacable toward him than her husband. But Arinbiorn fended off the swallow, and in the end Egil composed a poem in praise of Eric which he recited the following morning and thereby purchased his life and liberty.

Readers who look for inspired poetry among the skalds are likely to be disappointed in the present selection of their work, but those who seek for a new picture of viking character and customs at first hand will be amply rewarded.

War Poetry Through the Ages

WAR AND THE POET. Edited by Richard Eberhart and Selden Rodman. New York: Devin-Adair. 1945. 240 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

THE question would seem reasonable whether practitioners of one of the most creative arts, poetry, can make able reporters of man's most destructive activity, war. The question would seem reasonable if it had not long since been obviated. War poems outlast wars, the good poems sometimes, and the great poems always. Lt. Comdr. Eberhart and M/Sgt. Rodman have essayed nothing less than an anthology of the best war poetry from 1800 B.C. to 1945 A.D. They hedge on "best," knowing that different times give different perspectives and different opinions; but of course the "best" is what, to the best of their abilities and tastes, they have meant to collect. And on the whole they have done very well.

The scope is great, and Rodman summarizes it ably in his introduction which is so much more efficient than Eberhart's heavy-going preface, one wishes collaboration had been more than editorial). It sweeps over 3700 years: from the attitude of kings to that of the common soldier, from the conquering strophes of the Egyptian to the bitter bravery of an English boy whose life span was 1921-1941.

Our times may have something to do with this, but in any case the most striking characteristic of the book is its appropriateness, its immediacy. Aeschylus's firm descriptions of battle, Horace's alcoholic celebration of the return of a soldier friend, the soul-searching pacifism of the Bhagavad-Gita, ancient as they are, yet are really contemporary. One is astonished at the hard, ugly description in "When the Troops Were Returning from Milan," a pre-Dante Italian poem by one Niccolo degli Albizzi, in an equally astonishing translation by D. G. Rossetti. Victor Hugo's attack on the ruling classes in "After Six Thousand Years" cries out with a morning sharpness. And the Civil War poetry of Whitman, Melville, and Dickinson cuts as close to us as Wilfred Owen's of World War I and the actually recent work of Edith Sitwell, Marianne Moore, Louis Aragon, Stephen Spender, Roy Fuller, Angel Miguel Queremel, Oscar Williams, and a few others.

Some of these older poems are surprises for which one must be grateful to the editors. They have others, such as Martin Parker's seventeenth century ballad, "The Maunding Soldier," and that unforgettable Irish folksong, "Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye." Indeed I wish they had admitted more ballads. "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," those songs which Paul Robeson sings of the Spanish Civil War, these are not here. Yet they and their kind belong with the enduring poetry of war, and they carry an emotional force which certainly will outlast the nice essays in verse which dry up quite a few of what I am sure are the literally contemporary pages of the

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anthology.

I should make a few other objections. Gerard Manley Hopkins's included sonnet is a silly, and probably homosexually-inspired, assertion that Christ would prefer his second coming as a soldier. Cummings's World War I verse is here, edged as ever; but shortsightedness, or perhaps discomfort, has prevented the editors from relaying any of Cummings's equally good verse of World War II. It is snobbery to omit Rupert Brooke, who does represent one point of view quite as well as others represent others; and it is outright folly to omit Jeffers, who has written with baleful and unparalleled power about modern war. There are poems by Muriel Rukeyser, John Ciardi, Archibald MacLeish, Horace Gregory whose elo-

quence — were they here — would overwhelm George Barker's inflated emptiness and Harry Brown's diminutions of Auden and Spender, which are. Editors as bright as these should see that whereas Karl Shapiro's "Nostalgia" is a moving war poem his "Elegy for a Dead Soldier," also included, is in its undistinguished language a failure of poetic function.

"War and the Poet" has attempted a very large task and its uncertainties are naturally in the recent work: there bare opinion, unaided by time, is bound to quarrel most readily. In general it merits praise. It has been kept really selective. By far the greater part of its choices—including Ezra Pound—are excellent. Its translations are well made, and it very frequently shows freshness in discovery.

If one may speak of it aside from its richness as poetry, its value should be noted as a record of attitudes toward war: almost steadily and always more deeply, even from ancient days, of hatred and anger and pity and bitterness.

The Big Feller

WILLIAM ROSE BENET

JUDAS! He give sech a shout
he jounced Gawd's cheaters right off'n his nose 'at was peerin' dahn through the sky.
He took 'n scaled off the roofs from th' houses all raound about
an' ruffled th' rumps uv a hull passel uh angels featherin' by.

He whooshed her up mooin', an' tuk a big tug at the teats
uv the caow thet jumped over the moon. By gravy, it war quite a caper!
It blasted th' little critical fellers all aout uh ther schoolroom seats
an' hed 'em daown all over th' floor scrabblin' fer pencils an' paper.

An' he sez, with the milk uh th' moon drippin' stringy-white on his beard
an' his furrud ablaze like the sun, "Wa-al, up 'n N' Hamshur, th' say,
thar's scholards thet calls fer World Guv'munt, seemin'
uh sumpin 'll happen ef I sh'd git started t' go on my way—afeard

"An' they better be skeered, an' go grab up ther goods an' ther treasure,
fer sure as plutonium, sartin as kilowatt hell
ye caint keep *me* hid—*an' ther aint no counter measure!*"
An with thet, sir, he lets out a yell . . .

It splintered the high white steeple uh th' high-toned 'Piscopal church,
An' it whisked the hoorhouse down in the holler right off'n its foundation,
an' all uh th' settin'-purty people felt like they was left in th' lurch—
but th' poor bad people, they thought it was Day o' Salvation!

Then he stud with aams akimber, an' he squinted up t' th' sun,
an' he sez, "Hi, Paw!" An' he give his big red galluses quite a hitch.
An' he leans up agenst a mountain, picks his teeth with my old shot gun,
an' he sez—etcetera, endin' "Well I be a sunnavabitch!"

He hed one foot over behind Old Baldy, one daown in our own South Forty,
an' hulkin' above the wood-lot he war seventeen times ez high
ez th' house, an' the glarin' shuht he woah war suttinly suthin sporty;
an' he spit in th' eye uh th' sky,

an' he sez, "It's a laff! Thar's th' scientists tellin' 'em true,
an' the gov'munts shakin' an' quakin' and duckin' and dodgin' fack,
wile right under ther eyes is th' ackshal end uh Creation come true
an' dumb human nater's big disappearin' ack.

"Will they go fer One World, er a great big armyment race?
Watch now—watch big ind'stry tryin' ter handcuff 'n hide me!
Watch ther tiny picayune fellers scurry over th' body 'n face
uv Gulliver-Me—wide awake, with the Secret uh Bein' inside me!"

Wal, sir, I watched him from whar I was hidin' roun' thar back uh th' baan,
an' he stooped like a total eclipse, an' I shuk suh I knewed he'd fahnd her
whar she glittered dahn in th' dust . . . Well, he snatched up thet gabriel haan,
an', like no one but he cud, he wahnd her . . .

An', lissen, they was people stunned by it a hunderd mile away.
They seen all the winders was starred and bruk, an' thought Gawd was aht t' scat 'em;
an' he bellers—tuh nubbudy standin' rahn, "'Ef ye didn't want Jedgement Day
w'y in hell-an'-all didja git Me outta th' Atom?"

An' then, I seen haow Gawd hed been makin' th' heavens awful black.
But thet big feller grins like a rosy sunset; he winks like a star at me.
"Hang on ter yer good green airth!" he yells. "But watch aout! I'll be comin' back!"
An' he vanishes, like a waterspout, aout t' sea.

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A Revolutionary Cocktail

THE CHALLENGED LAND. By Betty de Sherbinin. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1946. 241 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS

THE setting might be any Latin American city, but it is fairly evident that the place is Buenos Aires and that Miss Sherbinin's villain, General Gómez—if he is not Juan Perón, who after all is only a colonel—is one of Argentina's recent dictators. The authoress proceeds to shake up a pretty little revolutionary cocktail, made up of the customary Latin American ingredients of students, a well-meaning university professor, an engineer suddenly become idealistic, a cynical doctor manfully hiding a heart of gold, a newspaper manager, various representatives of native and foreign business interests, and others, all meeting secretly, swearing to schoolboy oaths, piddling amateurishly (for various questionable motives) with revolution in behalf of the holy cause of "Democracy."

One stark Communist is thrown in to give sullen stolidity. He is on the fringe of the back-room effort, a chauffeur who can't be admitted to better-class reunions. But apparently he is helpful, also hopeful of making use of whatever turns up. His principal achievement, besides espionage, is to murder the treacherous opera singer, Carmen Verona, whose career has been based on many successful first nights rather than talent. His motives were not artistic either. She is as gaudy a bit of red and gold melodrama as ever stepped into the pages of a quickie novel of political intrigue. (In real life the lady is now respectably married.)

Miss Sherbinin is definitely for the constitution, she doesn't like graft, and she believes people should vote in free elections. The first part of the novel is heavy with political discussion as obvious and shiny as patent leather, but the book gathers pace along about the middle, and the various characters, none of whom is very fully portrayed, click through their assigned roles much as one should expect such arbitrary types to do, quite as neatly as a drilled leg show.

The whole novel is a righteous tract, overlaid with Anglo-Saxon rather than Latin sentimentality. But it is also a study in utter futility. Quite incidentally the author points up the traditional dilemma of the intellectual, professional, and middle-classes, a dilemma which appeared in Europe after World War I, with lowered standards of living—all the uncertainty of respectable and rather superior folk being flattened out and chewed up between the cogs of war, big industry, the super-state, and organized labor. They reacted, then, very much as does the hazy but noble engineer who is the hero of Miss

Sherbinin's book. Out of their fears came the militant hoodlums, the black-shirt store-keeper *squadri* of the Fascisti.

In Argentina, the pattern is slightly different, for the middle class there is merely a small Europeanized clique, without roots, largely concentrated as a small pocket in Buenos Aires, largely ignorant of the forces in the country. It is made up of very precious or precarious professionals, government bureaucrats, corporation representatives, and a shirt-tail intelligentsia. The industrial revolution, in other words, is only now creeping into the country.

In Argentina foreign capital has always lain down with the military dictators, for mutual profit if not admiration. This, too, has been the role of the feudal landowners, who until recently pulled the army and political strings. But today in all Latin America traditional militarism has grown more nationalistic and socialistic—a system of colonial revolt not always pretty, in which new native capital stirs a finger. Now the generals (or mayhap colonels) frequently sit down hard on the landed gentry and are often found tied up as industrial entrepreneurs with "technical progress." As a result, foreign capital has become increasingly interested in democracy in caps. The trick, as it was turned in Mexico, as it is now being turned in Argentina, is for the army men to bid for the soul of organized labor; thus a multiple squeeze is developed: taxes, subsidies, export tariffs, quotas on the one hand; on the other, strikes that seem always to hit "imperialistic" foreign capital but not native capital. This, precisely, is the openly announced new program set forth by fellow-traveler Lombardo Toledano, head of the Latin American Federation of Labor. Nationalist collaboration with native military and industrial interests; war on "American imperialism."

The professional and middle classes find no sure footing in this morass, no well-defined functional role. They become corrupt or frightened and self-righteous. And so the corrupt and the self-righteous huddle. They act precisely in the noble, romantic, and unintelligent way Miss Sherbinin's hero does. Some people got killed thanks to his blundering—all for the constitution [of 1853] and for the *dear* people, or at least what a puzzled idealistic engineer imagined the people wanted. The hero himself did not get killed. He escaped abroad and talked over the radio.

Whether the author intended to point her tale up so explicitly I do not know, for her political sermons are on the teen-age level, and the tempest in the tea-pot which she has described and which resulted in considerable unnecessary tragedy largely takes place in a vacuum of ideas and of organization; it is merely a plot of little schemers on the boy-scout level, individual schemers without parties, without real principles, ignorant of past history, and with an incomprehensible absence of techniques since the leader has been a practical engineer. It is merely nihilism dressed up in the bright red hunting jacket of righteous democracy. It is goodness calling itself the people. It is middle-class decency with no place to go. Its teeth are brushed but it has no place to go.

Or has it?

YOUR LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Chaucer: The Canterbury Pilgrims.
2. Octavus Roy Cohen: Friends of Florian Slappey in Birmingham, Alabama.
3. Mazo de la Roche: The Whiteoaks of Jalna.
4. Conan Doyle: Scotland Yard detectives associated with Sherlock Holmes.
5. Edna Ferber & George Kaufman: Members of the Footlights Club in "Stage Door."
6. John Galsworthy: The elder Forsytes.
7. Bret Harte: The outcasts of Poker Flat.
8. Alfred Ollivant: The dogs in "Bob Son of Battle."
9. Leonard Q. Ross: Classmates of Hyman Kaplan.
10. Booth Tarkington: Friends and acquaintances of Penrod Schofield.

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Great Patriot, Great Poet

ARAGON: Poet of the French Resistance. Edited by Hannah Josephson & Malcolm Cowley. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1945. 167 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THIS is a book of translations and tributes: translations of Louis Aragon's poetry and prose; tributes to Louis Aragon's achievements as a leading organizer of the underground forces of French resistance. It is a volume from which an English reader may learn more of the war-time Aragon than he can from any other single source.

Under the sympathetic editorship of Malcolm Cowley and Hannah Josephson, a dozen and more writers, most of them poets, have collaborated in the task of putting Aragon into English. Cowley himself has provided a general introduction and survey, Peter C. Rhodes has told the extraordinary tale of "Aragon: Resistance Leader," Waldo Frank has given us brief impressions of the man, and some twenty-five of Aragon's poems have been translated by such hands, among others, as those of Rolfe Humphries, Louis McNeice, Malcolm Cowley, Stephen Spender, Kenneth Muir, and George Dillon. To this we must add six prose pieces, in English versions by Hannah Josepheson, Cowley, Helen Burlin, and Eugene J. Sheffer. From which it should be obvious that the translations and tributes of this book are not distinct: they intermingle, and are often one.

Few readers would fail to agree that the poems are by far the most important items in the table of contents. What Mr. Cowley has to say is informed, informative, and interesting. What Mr. Rhodes has to say is engrossing and astonishing, for the story of the French resistance, as it is told and retold and enriched by more and more precise details, loses nothing of its power to astonish. What there is here of Aragon's own occasional prose is still alive with the passions that first fired it: despite all the horror that has bombarded our senses, we still cannot read "The Martyrs" without an upsurge of responsive feeling. But it is the poems that matter, after all. If Aragon had not been a poet, there would almost certainly have been no volume edited by Malcolm Cowley and Hannah Josephson, and quite certainly the band of English and American poets gathered here would never have come together to do the Frenchman honor, great patriot though he might have been. It is the poetry that matters; and we all know the difficulties of poetry in translation.

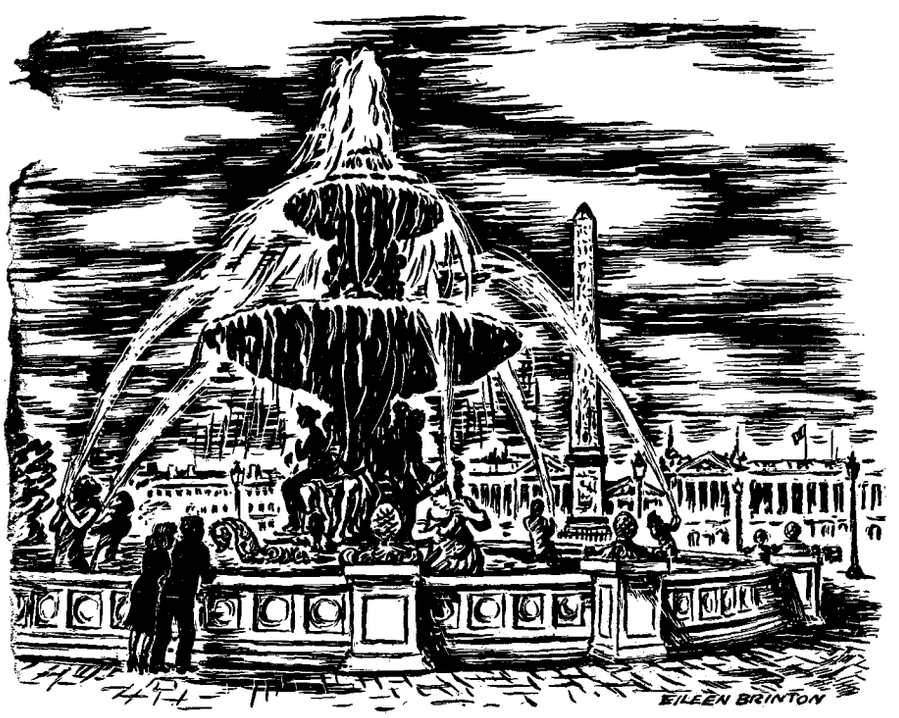
The editors do not dodge the issue, and they make no excessive claims of accomplishment: Mr. Cowley is merely judicious when he declares that a few of the translations in this volume "are remarkable achievements." He himself singles out John Hayward's "More Beautiful Than Tears" and Louis McNeice's "Richard Coeur-de-Lion," and he is right to do so; but I should certainly give equal praise to Kenneth Muir's "Santa Espina," Sally Wood's "Song for a Barrel Organ," and several poems by Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Cowley.

So it would seem that there are riches enough to argue over. Naturally, too, there are all sorts of shortcomings on which to dwell. The various translators, fighting the old, tricky, often heartbreaking battle of their craft, have employed various strategems with varying degrees of success. Rhythms often falter, sense is often colored or even changed for the sake of a rhyme; and now and then the reader wonders whether he is encountering extreme license or possible error. But the fairest prizes go often to the bold, for there is no place for timidity in this bilingual art, where verbal fidelity is seldom maintained without clumsy violation of both form and spirit.

To the ordinary trials of translation, Aragon adds special trials of his own. He is no simple singer, no matter how keen an ear he may have for the songs of the people. He is a tireless technician, expérimenter, innovator—even juggler. His habit of prosodic calculation is such that studied effects seem always to be at the service of his most spontaneous, most deeply felt emotions. Particularly in the field of rhyme is he original, ingenious, and successful: here he has won new freedoms for French poetry, and staked out claims to supplement those established by his acknowledged master, Guillaume Apollinaire. When he writes of rhyme, as he does in an appendix to "Le Crève-Coeur" and in his preface to "Les Yeux d'Elsa," he writes with love and enthusiasm, as a hardy theorist and a practising expert. And he is worth reading.

By necessity, most of these studied effects of rhyme and rhythm have been lost during the passage into English. But enough has been carried over to give a just idea of the character and quality of the poetry that Louis Aragon wrote during the war, first openly and then clandestinely; love poems, for the most part, addressed first to his wife, Elsa, and later to France. But one cannot draw a firm line between the two kinds, for they often merge and unite, as do the twin objects of the poet's affection.

Mr. Cowley is almost surely right in judging that "the future will prefer the 'legal' poems that Aragon wrote in the first days of defeat" to the later "resistance" poems that had to be written and judged by



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other standards than those of literature in the abstract." Indeed, I should not be surprised if the longest-lived poems of the lot proved to be those in which Aragon says, over and over again, with all the heart and art that is in him: "Elsa, I love you." No theme is older, and it would seem that all apt words and phrases must have been worn to nothing long ago; but every true poet writes as if no man had ever loved before him, and Aragon is a gifted member of the eternal line. Many of these verses gain only a little additional poignancy from our knowledge of the circumstances in which they were written. Many of them might be of any age or season. And yet, at the same time, there is scarcely one of them in which a special shadow does not fall across the page.

Je suis à toi Je suis à toi seule J'adore
La trace de tes pas le creux où tu te mis
Ta pantoufle perdue ou ton mouchoir Va dors
Dors mon enfant craintif Je veille c'est promis

Je veille Il se fait tard La nuit du moyen-âge
Couvre d'un manteau noir cet univers brisé
Peut-être pas pour nous mais cessera l'orage
Un jour et reviendra le temps des mots croisés

If one wished to find fault with this little book, one might say that in it less than justice has been done to Aragon as a Communist Party member and to the CP's essential role in organizing the French resistance. Nor is there any word as to the organizers' ultimate political aims, which were an inspiration to their courageous followers. It is true that Waldo Frank refers, in passing, to Aragon as "a faithful and disciplined member" of the Party, but Mr. Cowley and Mr. Rhodes skirt the topic, and this is a pity, for it leaves the previously uninformed reader still uninformed regarding matters that might be of great interest to him. The mere fact that the French CP has not yet realized its primary postwar objectives, and that during the recent elections it has even lost ground to the Socialist Party (SFIO), should not lead honest historians to minimize its remarkably coördinated efforts during the war of liberation. No one can properly understand and evaluate the resistance movement as a whole unless he understands the ideological nature and political direction of its animating core. And no one should be allowed to read Aragon without full knowledge of the "faith" and "discipline" by which the fighter and poet has been, and is, sustained.

Pacific

By Genevieve Taggard

THIS child went forth to the grace-abounding sea.
I was that child, that child, in memory, me.
The sea was always dancing, never dull.
And every day the blue sea, tangible,
Swept and sustained and rinsed, with a taste of salt
Its children without hurt, in deep cobalt.

To swim was to sink and be captured, taken
Through solid depths and surface dimple-shine
To the leaping edge where the instant's foam was seething.
Except near reefs where we were knocked and shaken
Until our chests were taut with inheld breathing
Fear rarely tainted that water, vast and benign.

Armed forces suffer there today—they hate
Its vasts, its depth, its sharks, its color even.
It and the enemy are both cruel and great.
Innocence is lost that called it heaven.
Their curses, their stoic quiet, taint its sweep,
And history will surely call it deep.

May the brown nations of its islands have
The joy we captured from its colored wave.
And confidence return, and children swim.
May the lore of the sea enchant again, the rim
Still be the edge of the primitive element we
Rose from, returned to and lived by: the sea.

America Moves

FROM TRAIL DUST TO STAR DUST. By Edward A. Starr. Dallas, Texas: The Transportation Press. 1945. 254 pp.

Reviewed by ROGER BURLINGAME

MR. STARR has divided the story of American transportation into four sections patterned on the ancient concept of the four elements composing the universe: Earth, Water, Fire, and Air.

The First Section tells of the movement overland and through inland waterways of the early migrating Americans as they searched continually for new empty land. The author explains how the first pathways of these pioneers followed certain definite lines—the river valleys because they presented the last natural resistance, and the paths already beaten out by the Indians or by the buffalo.

Part I ("Earth") begins in the mid-eighteenth century with the military operations of Washington and Braddock and the later explorations of George Washington with his vision of the West, and carries on through the making of the Kittanning Path, the Forbes Road, and the famous trails of Daniel Boone; through the movement down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers and the opening of transportation to the West via the Erie and Pennsylvania Canals and the fascinating devices of the inclined planes which carried cars and canal boats over the Alleghenies.

The Second Section ("Water") mainly concerns transportation by sea with an introductory chapter about the earliest trade routes. There is the story of the first immigrants, the beginning of colonial trade with its struggle to survive the British Navigation Acts, the establishment of the United States Merchant Marine after the Revolution, the development of the China trade and the American clipper. In the final chapter of Part II, Mr. Starr brings the Merchant Marine up to the present. There are in this section two chapters on river and lake navigation and one on the great canals—the Suez and the Panama—which brought about the first great contraction of the world.

The Third Section ("Fire") is devoted to the railroad and the motor car, and the final six chapters of the book ("Air") tell the story of aviation. In this last section there is a clear, simple, and very instructive chapter entitled, "New Maps for Old," explaining the change in our concept of geography which the airplane has brought about.

The high points of this history are

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all here briefly and accurately; the facts are arranged in a coherent pattern, and a full index makes the book useful for reference. It would, perhaps, have been more valuable as an introduction to the full tremendous history of the factor which more than any other is responsible for the greatness of America, if the author had included a bibliography to lure the reader on into further pursuit of this fascinating study. On the other hand, if the book is intended—as it seems to be—as a kind of hedge-hopping flight back over the events, it seems to me that the reader has a right to expect a little more warmth and imagination in the telling; more "inspired writing" is perhaps the hackneyed phrase which inadequately says what I mean.

The maps and sketches, which are the result of a collaboration between the author and his daughter, Alden Starr, are, on the whole, clear and competent, and there is an excellent diagram showing the "Classification of Motor Carriers of Property."

The Cugats Again

OUTSIDE EDEN. By Isabel Scott Rorick. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin Co. 1945. 157 pp. $2.

Reviewed by
MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS

THERE is something so foolish, fantastic, and cheerful about Mr. and Mrs. Cugat that it is difficult to criticize their creation on any sternly rational grounds. The darnedest things are always happening to them, from which they almost always emerge triumphant, if a little blown. It is the way anyone would hope to emerge from similar preposterous situations and seldom does. And perhaps they are no more preposterous than those funny things that are always happening to the Smiths, even if they seem so. It is hard to believe, however, that that nice little Mrs. Cugat knows all that Isabel Rorick makes out she knows about guns, without knowing the difference between a duck and a pheasant. And if Mr. Cugat is so completely dumb about building shelves, how is it possible he is such a smoothie in such remarkable situations as that of the tattooed lady? Or perhaps one shouldn't ask.

Isabel Rorick gets by charmingly with that old one about the thoroughbred female and the nondescript he-one. It used to be horses, not dogs. The other things that make one question if Mr. and Mrs. Cugat are quite real have nothing to do with the fact that one starts reading these frothy tales with a silly grin that lasts.

Strictly Personal

CALAMITY AT THE INKWELL

LOSING the manuscript of a book is a little like losing a child. It seems irreplaceable. Months, even years, may have been spent in tenderly shaping an idea and molding it for posterity. And then the blow falls. By accident, through carelessness, through sheer bad luck, the manuscript is destroyed and the whole creative process must begin again.

Nearly everyone has heard of the tragic fate of the first volume of Thomas Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution." But Carlyle survived the blow and rose above it, rewriting and going on to fame and fortune. And "The History of the French Revolution" is by no means the only famous book to have been rewritten after the loss of its first draft.

To set the stage, it can do no harm to look once more at the familiar incident. Carlyle, according to Townsend Scudder's biography of the historian's wife, Jane Welsh Carlyle, had finished the manuscript of the first volume and had given it to John Stuart Mill to read in the hope that he might draw attention to minor defects of style.

It was at teatime on the afternoon of March 6, 1835, that Mill paid the unexpected visit to the Carlyles at No. 5 Cheyne Row and revealed the crushing news: A servant in Mill's lodging had mistaken the manuscript for so much waste paper and had used all but a page or two for lighting the fire.

"But such a thing never happened before," groaned Mill.

"Yes," replied Carlyle, "Newton and his dog Diamond."

Carlyle had kept no notes, but he went ahead and completed the opening chapter of his second volume, upon which he was then engaged, and shortly afterward returned to the recreation of the preceding material. It came hard, but he swore that, despite its vicissitudes, it would be a good book—and it is.

Carlyle's reference to Sir Isaac Newton concerns another classic, but possibly apocryphal, loss. Sir Isaac, so the legend goes, had left the manuscripts recording the labors of his declining years on the table beside a lighted candle. His dog Diamond, frisking around the table, knocked over the candle and set fire to the papers. Newton, always the philosopher, merely shook his head.

"Ah Diamond, Diamond," he apostrophized, "thou little knowest what damage thou hast done!"

History does not record any effort to extinguish the flames or whether Sir Isaac began again.

Molière, in a similar situation, went off like a Roman candle. He had almost completed a translation of Lucretius when one of his servants appropriated some of the pages of the manuscript to make curl papers for Molière's wig. In a rage, the playwright threw the rest of the book into the fire.

Perhaps all philosophers grow a little careless in their dotage, or possibly they are occupationally poor judges of domestic help. *L'affaire* Carlyle-Mill was almost an exact duplicate of the experience of Newton's now forgotten friend and contemporary, the philosopher Firmin Abauzit.

"A simple, rustic female servant," to use the language of the time, in her desire to "set his things to right," swept his whole work table of papers into the fire. These included the calculations of forty years of effort. But M. Abauzit calmly proceeded to rewrite the material that had been destroyed.

When you consider the stir caused by Dean Swift's polemic "Tale of a Tub," when it was published in 1704, you cannot help wondering a little about the chance its author took with his manuscript. Vitriolic Jonathan had never dealt directly with his bookseller-publishers on any of his early satires. In the case of "A Tale of a Tub" he was so anxious to maintain his anonymity that he threw the

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manuscript at the bookseller's door from a fast-moving coach without waiting to see if it was picked up by the persons for whom it was intended.

The Dean had his little gamble with fate, pressing back against the musty padding of his coach, but it was not as great as it at first might appear. He, of all men, would have rewritten, if his manuscript had been lost, drawing from his seemingly inexhaustible anger at the superstitions and posturings of his day. His was the drive which distinguishes writers who have something to say and will overcome any obstacle to deliver their message.

It was in 1836, only a year after the loss of Carlyle's manuscript, that Richard Henry Dana landed in Boston on the return from his historic voyage around the Horn to California. To quote from the introduction written by his son for a later edition of "Two Years Before the Mast":

> While at sea he made entries almost daily in a pocket notebook and at leisure hours wrote these out fully. This full account of his voyage was lost with his trunk containing sailor's clothes and all souvenirs and presents for family and friends by the carelessness of a relative who took charge of his things at the wharf.

That manuscript would be a find indeed, if it still exists. The version of "Two Years Before the Mast" that became famous was written by Mr. Dana from the original notes on his return to Harvard Law School. Fortunately his notes had not been entrusted to the mercies of this same nameless courier. But nearly four years passed while Dana rewrote and William Cullen Bryant arranged for the publication of this realistic classic of life at sea which was to influence eye-witness reporting for a hundred years to come.

The trail of these millions of lost words then leads to San Francisco and the famous Baldwin Hotel and theatre, built by Lucky Baldwin, the gambler and promoter—"the only man ever to win $200,000 on the turn of a single card at faro."

William Gillette, actor and producer, was staying at the Baldwin Hotel on November 23, 1898. On tour with "Secret Service," he had been devoting every available minute offstage to his dramatization of Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes, and now it was finished.

It is not hard to picture the actor making his final corrections on the last page, noticing the hour, and deciding that he has just time for a quick dinner before he is due at the theatre. The completed script goes back into the top of his battered trunk. He takes his hat, goes downstairs, and through the ornate lobby to the street.

Finishing his dinner, Mr. Gillette comes out of the restaurant and turns back toward his hotel. There is a glow in the sky and people are running past him. A few blocks and the full tragedy bursts upon him. The Baldwin Hotel is in flames. The fire is beyond control and it is to burn for several days thereafter.

But William Gillette picked up at the beginning and, a year later, he appeared for the first time in his "Sherlock Holmes" in the role which made him famous and in which he acted almost until his death in 1937. That rewritten manuscript is now the pride of a dealer in rare books in New York City. And every red-ink correction, every doodle, every diagram for the stage manager, is mute testimony to his complete recovery from his loss. And it may be that it was a better play for the reworking.

Booth Tarkington, through a curious twist of fate, had better luck than William Gillette. In 1925, Barton Currie, then editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, called on Mr. Tarkington in Indianapolis to pick up the manuscript of a short story for which he had contracted.

Mr. Currie placed the story in his new English pigskin traveling bag, which already contained several other manuscripts which he was taking back to Philadelphia. Mr. Tarkington planned to see him off, and on their way to the station they stopped off at the University Club. It was a bitterly cold day, and Booth Tarkington's chauffeur stepped into the side door of the club to warm himself.

Five minutes later he went out to the sidewalk, only to discover that the car and its contents had been stolen. Barton Currie caught his train without his bag, which had also contained his pajamas and other personal effects. But let Booth Tarkington tell the rest of the story:

"The police were notified," says Mr. Tarkington, "the offer of a reward was put into next morning's papers, and the car was recovered—abandoned on the edge of town—at about our breakfast time. Before the car arrived in the care of a policeman and the man who'd found it, an enterprising young man borrowed a workman's tin lunch-box, told us he was the discoverer of the car, got the reward and walked rapidly away. Later we found he had been released from the state penitentiary at Pendleton the day before. But with the money we had so joyously handed him he set forth upon a journey to parts unknown. We shelled out a duplicate of the reward when the car, its finder and the policeman arrived; but never were Mr. Currie's pigskin bag or the MSS it contained—save one—recovered. The one was my story. Evidently the thief had looked over the contents of the bag and decided to keep it and everything it contained with this single exception, which he tossed out on the floor of the car; such was his lamentable taste."

But if Tarkington was lucky, Colonel T. E. Lawrence was not. The original draft of "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" was lost by the author while changing trains at Reading Station at Christmas time in 1919 and it has never come to light.

The bibliography of this magnificent book in all its many varying editions is probably more complex than that of any other title in our time. But without going into great detail, it is possible to piece together the growth of the main story which

"I had to do it . . . his evasive theories would have held back criminal psychology for twenty years."

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eventually appeared as the "Seven Pillars."

Of the original ten books, or parts, of the complete work, all but the introduction and the rough drafts of books nine and ten were lost in the station. A month or so later, Lawrence reports that he began to set down what he remembered of the first text of some 250,000 words. He completed the ten books again in less than three months in a manuscript running to 400,000 words. "Naturally," he said, "the style was careless." He worked on this draft off and on until 1921, when he started on Text III, which he finished in February 1922. At this point he burned all but a single page of his second draft.

Text III was the basis for the first privately printed copies known as the Oxford text, and this was still further revised for subsequent editions. The loss of the first text must have seemed appalling to Lawrence at the time it happened, but the destruction of the second draft by his own hand, after writing the book for the third time, shows a desire for perfection which must be unique in literary history. As Lawrence himself said, "Beginners in literature are inclined to fumble with a handful of adjectives round the outline of what they want to describe: but by 1924 I had learnt my first lessons in writing, and was often able to combine two or three of my 1921 phrases into one."

Lawrence was, of course, a poet in his prose—the master craftsman for whom every syllable counts. And it is to the poet and the historian, perhaps, that the loss of a manuscript brings the greatest tragedy. But a poet, too, can rewrite, if it is so decreed. Witness the story of the accidental destruction of the complete first draft of Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Conversation at Midnight."

Late one afternoon in May, 1936, Edna Millay and her husband, Eugen Boissevain, arrived at the Palms Hotel, on Sanibel Island off the Gulf coast of Florida. With them, besides their luggage for a long stay, was the complete and only draft of the poems on which she had been at work for two years.

The manuscript consisted of several notebooks, together with pieces of brown wrapping-paper and the backs of envelopes on which some fragments had been jotted down. It was Miss Millay's plan to type the poems herself during the coming weeks.

Sending their bags, trunks, the typewriter, and the manuscript up to their apartment, they started down the beach. Looking back after having gone less than half a mile, they saw the hotel in flames (the William Gillette pattern once again). The fire

seemed to be bursting out of the very windows of their apartment. They ran back, but it was impossible to save anything. Luckily, they still had their car, which had been pushed away from the burning building.

Getting into their car, wearing the dirty white slacks which were now the only clothes they possessed, they drove over the bridge to Captiva, the next island. There the proprietor of the little hotel proved himself a man of great discernment. On learning that Miss Millay had lost every scrap of her new book, he acted at once, and entirely on his own initiative. Up to their room he came with a typewriter and a pile of paper. And Miss Millay sat down at once and began to type her lost poems from memory.

As her husband sums up the tale: "It is doubtful whether or not, except for the imagination and kindness of the hotel keeper, she would ever have been able to remember the poems. But starting at once as she did, before she really had time to get frightened about the terrific task which was ahead of her, she was able to recall everything except a few short speeches on which she was still working and concerning which there was some doubt in her mind as to which might be the better of two or three words."

A parallel to Booth Tarkington's experience (but without the happy ending) is to be found in Edgar Lee Masters's loss of the original draft of "Mitch Miller." He arrived at Grand Central Station in New York City with several pieces of baggage, including a brief case containing his manuscript. He took a taxi and, when he reached his destination, the brief case was unaccountably missing and was never recovered. Mr. Masters rewrote "Mitch Miller" and it was published in 1920.

Robert Self Henry's first sixteen chapters of "The Story of Reconstruction," along with his notes for the balance of the book, suffered the same fate as the Masters manuscript. Mr. Henry left the material in a suitcase and brief case in the back seat of an unlocked car, while he went in to visit some friends in Nashville, Tennessee. When he came out they were gone.

Rewards, front-page stories in the papers, spot announcements on the radio were all to no avail. Mr. Henry had to start again from scratch, spending three additional years on the book before it was published.

He had no copy of the first draft, and many of the notes referred to such ephemera as newspaper clippings which he was not able to locate a second time. But the author himself doubts that the book suffered in the long run. And therein lies a moral.

There are many books being published today that would be none the worse for rewriting. A writer's mind continues to work both consciously and subconsciously after he has committed an idea to paper. Many a manuscript would be corrected and improved by its author if the inertia of the completed script were less great. As it is, the prospect of the sheer drudgery of putting one word after another all over again combines with the factors of time, money, and the importunate editor to make the author rush the book, the article, the story into print.

The loss of a manuscript may be a blessing in disguise. Who knows to what degree the books mentioned here owe their fame to the very fact that they were rewritten?

C. B. Boutell.

The Listener

By Harold Vinal

He who has heard the holy word
Of music, its immortal airs,
Shall never in this world be stirred
By carnal sound against his ears.

Beethoven moves his blood, the pure
Clear flame of Mozart in his brain,
Must like the speech of God endure,
Now he has seen the vision plain.

O what vast algebra is his,
What geometric fugues must stir
The mute harp of his mind, who is
Music's besieged listener.

How like a dreamer in a trance,
How like a traveler borne along
The billows of mellifluence,
Against the portals of a song.

He leans entranced, some godlike phrase
Of Gounod robbing him of sleep,
Until he wakes and Brahms betrays
His soul, or Wagner's trumpets sweep

Across his fevered spirit. Lo,
He is no longer man, for he
Hears Gluck's seraphic measures flow,
From the vast front of melody.

What angels whisper down his dark
We know, and by what balm caressed
Who, drifting on the Tides of Bach,
Is heaven's fair, immortal guest.

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SPEAK UP!

AS THE year sweeps into its morn there is turmoil and disorder on all sides. Not only in Europe, where the fearful harvest of war is still being reaped in the form of hunger and destitution and displacement, but in fortunate America, where living is fat and the land unscarred by battle. Economic strife is rampant, the country at odds with itself, Congress joined in a contest of opinions. Yet never was a time when there was greater need for unanimity of action, or when more could be accomplished if the mechanisms of organizing the underlying will of the people to peace and security could be arranged. For there can be small doubt that the public realizes that it is at a watershed of history, and that on the course it takes today will depend the future of civilization.

It is the tragedy of a society as widely flung as our own, so multifarious in its interests in the urban districts and so loosely integrated in the rural, that there is little opportunity for a meeting of minds and general discussion among large masses of people. The old cracker-box philosophers of our earlier nation, the crossroads stores where the denizens of more leisurely days foregathered, the harvest festivals, and country dances, and political debates which marked a pioneering America were all of them means for a direct interchange of thought among the inhabitants. There was a continual rubbing of ideas, a filtering of prejudice and belief and suggestion which not only operated to influence judgment but made each man a direct participant in the general ferment of public matters.

It will be objected, of course, that the development of the radio and the movie, the enormous expansion of the functions of the press, the telephone, the automobile, all that makes for the mobility of the nation and the simultaneous extension to it of news has knit it together in a commonalty of experience and knowledge never known to it before. True, there never has been a period like the present where men in the farthermost reaches of the continent have been instantly apprised of whatever may happen of importance in any smallest hamlet and when the time lag between coast and coast, which formerly permitted a variance of costume and custom and opinion in different sections of the nation, had become so entirely negligible. There is a powerful case which can be made for the effectiveness of modern means of disseminating ideas and molding opinion, but the process has one fundamental shortcoming—that in general it makes the American people passive participants in the general propagation of ideas instead of active disputants of them. The masses have become aural and visual minded instead of being vocal. There is being constantly dished out to them by radio, movie, and newspaper a vast conglomerate of impression, information, and opinion which more often than not, even if not approved, is accepted without discussion. That vivifying impulse which springs from an exchange of ideas is lacking to a nation which, instead of debating itself, merely listens to the debates of others.

There is a remedy for this condition which has already been profitably employed in many places, and that is in the forums of discussion which have been highly successful in a few of the large cities and in some of the smaller localities. But so far they have been few and far between where they ought to be legion. There ought to be dozens of neighborhood groups in all the big towns; no hamlet should be too small to organize one. Here in these town meetings might be recaptured that intimate give and take which did so much to mold the policies of the early America. Not only might a considered public sentiment be bred in such gatherings, but a sentiment which was sufficiently coherent to have an impact on national affairs. So long as the public business is everybody's business, it is nobody's business. As soon as it becomes of near concern to individuals it takes on importance. And men who have threshed out a subject in personal debate are likely to be eager to put their conclusions to the test.

A. L.

Possible Progenitor

By Sara Bard Field

I THINK I can detect
Death, like a blot, on human consciousness.
I think we may suspect
Foul jealousy because of lives with less
Than fixed regard on him. For bird and beast,
Aware of him in blood but not in mind,
Forget him between fear and fear.
His shadow holds the least
Dominion over those who find
The leafen shadow sanctuary here.

And if the blossom knows
With vegetable vagueness the Dark one
That unmakes, still it grows
With petals concentrated on the sun.
Nor does our planetary rock repeat
The Crumbler's power, nor alien meteorite.
Their granite dreams are of dim
Sea caves or volcanic heat
Or burning speedways down the night.
Their stoic span is not concerned with him.

Hence, like a bestial bird,
He hawked above earth, singling out the ape;
Loomed on his brain and blurred
Life's form there with his silhouetted shape.
In that corruptive gloom, man's infant thought,
Robbed of its lawful share in light's estate,
Became the robber's ready slave,
Then, by the robber taught,
Destruction's passionate advocate,
Awarding Death man's cradle with his grave.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Words, Words, Words

SIR: I don't like it, nohow, the way they use this "know-how".

FRANK PLACE

Cortland, N. Y.

"The Atomic Age"

SIR: *Re* [*SRL*, Dec. 15]—let's not have the department "The Atomic Age" atomized.

Let's keep one of the most timely columns going!

THOMAS B. LESURE.

Boston, Mass.

Any Fredericana?

SIR: I am writing a biography of the late Harold Frederic, 1856-98, a noted journalist and author of many novels.

Any information about him or letters from him would be immensely helpful. I also am anxious to know what fate befell his descendants.

ARMIN KELLNER.

385 Quail Street
Albany 3, N. Y.

A Shaller Speaks Up

SIR: Having, at an early age, been schooled in the correct use of "shall" and "will," I must confess that the misuse of these words makes me wince. After all, if the grammars are to be cast into the junk heap, there ain't no use to try to talk English good, be there?

CONSTANCE TRAIN.

St. Augustine, Fla.

Information on a Signer

SIR: I am writing a monograph on George Taylor, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. I should like to locate any original material referring to him, particularly anything autographic. I would be grateful to anyone who has, or knows of, such items if they will advise me.

WILLIAM J. WILCOX.

Allentown, Penn.

"Ulysses"

SIR: I am writing a book on the technique of James Joyce as it is revealed by the evolution of the text of "Ulysses." I should be very grateful for the loan of any manuscript, typescript, or proof sheets as well as letters or other documents bearing upon the composition and publication of "Ulysses" or generally upon Joyce's writing habits. Any papers lent will be treated with scrupulous care and returned promptly.

JOSEPH PRESCOTT.

Department of English,
University of Connecticut,
Storrs, Conn.

A Helping Hand

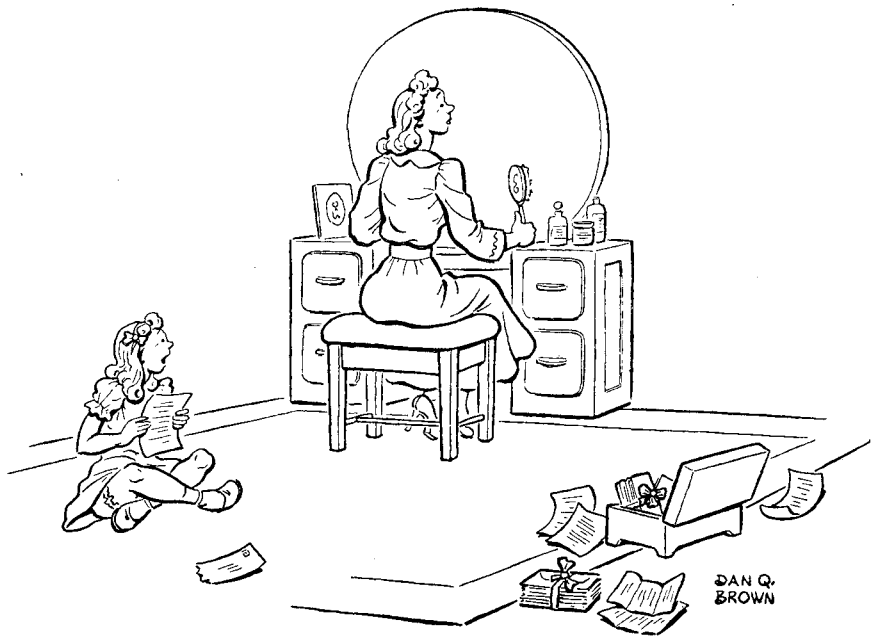
SIR: Thank you so very much for going to the trouble of reprinting Ellen Glasgow's piece "One Way to Write Novels," which as you say was originally published in your issue of Dec. 8, 1934. It was in that hilarious year, coming up out of the depression, that I commenced to want to write, and I do not think that I knew there was such a magazine as the *SRL*. It was either that or the fact that I was too poor to buy it except on the rarest of occasions.

I think that your magazine is becoming more and more a periodical for the writer. It is becoming, in a way, a little more human and intimate. For a long time I felt that your paper was a bit too haughty and highbrow for the newcomer in the writing field but lately your articles are fashioned out of the fibre of a writer's struggles and a writer's beliefs and are encouraging and written with kindness. I enjoyed this reprint and also in the same issue the excellent personal memory by a truly great writer, Henry Seidel Canby, who years ago wrote me several letters of encouragement when everything was pretty dark for me.

In other words, the *SRL* is a helping hand to the beginning writer of today, just as it is a guidepost and an education to the seasoned writer. In the ten or eleven years that I have been writing stories I have been helped in many ways by certain writers and editors. I don't know where there is a calling that is so filled with warmth and understanding as is the profession of writing, and I think some of the kindest men and women in America are writers, or are in some way connected with writing and publishing.

GEORGE H. FREITAG.

North Canton, Ohio.



"Mama, who's Boopsy-Woopsy?"

Mr. Adler and Mr. Fine

SIR: I have not the leisure to chop definitions of aristocratic and democratic belief or practice in education with Mr. Adler. Perhaps the words are not well-chosen for the debate now going on. I would, however, like to go on record with the suggestion that one's democratic faith in the last analysis is measured by the way one lives. If, then, Mr. Adler is an example of the "democratic" faith he preaches, he should know that to argue, as he does at the end, "Mr. Fine disagrees with me. Therefore Mr. Fine should be dismissed from his job with *The New York Times*," vitiates his whole argument. Whatever democratic faith may be, it does not issue in this form of authoritarianism. Mr. Adler simply proves how entirely right the late John Lovejoy Elliot was when he paraphrased, "Everybody talking about democracy ain't going there."

JOSEPH L. BLAU.

Far Rockaway, N. Y.

SIR: A university faculty member writes a book. Some one who doesn't like the book demands that the author be fired from his teaching job, and the air is filled with cries of "academic witch hunt!" A newspaper reporter writes a book, and a university faculty member who doesn't like it asks whether the newspaper shouldn't fire the reporter. One question raised by Mortimer J. Adler's review [*SRL*, Dec. 29] of Benjamin Fine's "Democratic Education" is whether application of Mr. Adler's learning has progressed beyond that of Salem, Massachusetts, A.D. 1692.

SAMUEL T. WILLIAMSON.

Hartsdale, N. Y.

SIR: To judge by his review of Benjamin Fine's "Democratic Education" [*SRL*, Dec. 29], Mortimer Adler

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continues to confuse his own philosophic distemper with "judicial fairness." It would be worthy of no particular notice if he were not constantly pulling the democratic toga around himself and denying the right of millions of his fellow-citizens ever to be seen in it. And when he bellows "off with his head" at one with whom he disagrees (it's a curious "willingness to understand" which would oust Mr. Fine from his job, isn't it?), some of us are mighty grateful that we don't yet live in his kind of "democracy."

From a master of logic, there is strange reasoning in the dictum that because everybody is entitled to an education, everybody ought to receive the same kind of education; and that there is some insurmountable antithesis between the general and the specialized. With "clarity and impartiality," and with equal logic, he could argue that because everybody is entitled to an adequate diet, everybody ought to eat the same kind of food prepared in the same way—and for all I know, perhaps he does!

But I write particularly because, as Chairman of the Conference on the Scientific Spirit and Democratic Faith, I resent Mr. Adler's slur on the contributors to our 1944 proceedings, published under the title "The Authoritarian Attempt to Capture Education." It is widely admitted that the current educational debate centers about real problems that have earnestly to be thought and worked through. We, together with many others, are engaged in that undertaking. Though Mr. Adler's own "judiciousness" is a quality many of us would rather not share, even Mr. Adler should realize that this is a matter of complete indifference in a serious discussion of democratic education.

JEROME NATHANSON.
New York, N. Y.

Hints to Booksellers

SIR: Mr. van Duym's timely article on the book trade [*SRL* Nov. 24] must have interested and impressed many lovers of books as well as liberal buyers of books. The well-managed, progressive, attractive bookstore is, or should be, a cultural and literary center, a sort of informal club for the men and women of the community who read and buy good books, and who enjoy exchanging ideas and experiences with others of the same species.

As it happens, I have long had certain notions regarding bookstores and the men or women behind counters. Enviable and rich opportunities, it seems to me, are waiting for young men and women, perhaps just out of college, who have to make a living, desire to marry, and cannot afford special professional training. Such persons, if they are alert, imaginative, and tolerably efficient, might well be advised by their professors and friends to start or acquire bookstores, and apply modern methods in the running of them. The right sort of a bookstore will have a corner where lovers of books and reading will meet, look at books displayed there, glance at competent reviews of current works, and meet friends and strangers interested in books. In Chicago, years ago, the old McClurg bookstore had such a corner and it was exceedingly popular.

The young proprietors of the store will issue invitations to, say, monthly talks on new books, and the right persons will be found to deliver these talks. Churches, clubs, discussion groups will be asked to make use of the store and to organize conferences and book-review sessions.

There is nothing utopian about the foregoing suggestions. The right men and women, with a little training and thought, and with some financial support, perhaps from the leading publishers, *could* make the right type of bookstores profitable and successful not only in the smaller cities and towns, but also in residential sections of metropolitan communities that are learning to depend less and less on "loops" and congested centers of trade and commerce.

VICTOR S. YARROS
La Salla, Calif.

Leisure? Not Yet

SIR: Jerome Frank's exposition of "The New Sin" [*SRL* Dec. 22] takes a sideswipe at many things, attempting to crystallize the hope that "there's pie in the sky," but it fails to remove one time-old obstruction to this dream of mankind. He ignores the biologic truth underlying the basic laws of nature that only the fit survive. By use of the sly device "someone suggested," he sows the thought of "a single machine which, run by a half-dozen men, could supply the material needs of all mankind." Of course, he quickly states, "no such machine is in sight," but he uses the idea to lay the foundation for dissecting the argument of scarcity, wherein he fails to tell what would happen to the abilities of men if, by magic, mankind were faced solely by leisure, and not by problems of how to keep the dinner-pail full and provide for old-age security. Think of a world full of people faced with nothing but leisure! Spelled backwards that reads "the doom of civilization," to be reached, perhaps, in less time than by the route we are following.

Ask yourself a simple question: When does life seem fuller, and brighter to you—when you are writing to meet a deadline, or when you are loafing in a pair of comfy slippers? The philosophy of leisure proves it to be an illusion. Is it leisure that is desired, or is it freedom from serving under the direction of a boss, and his disciplines? If it is leisure, then the function of *work* has toppled from its high pedestal.

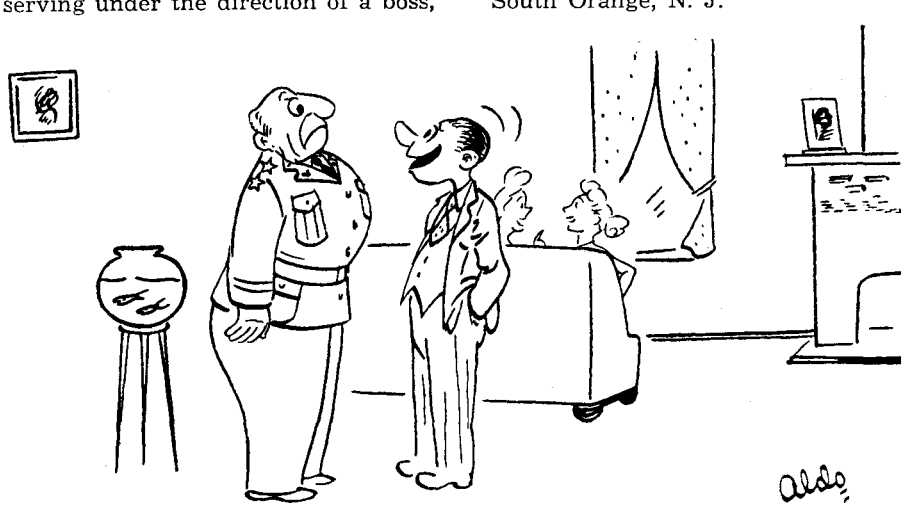
The world is in a jumble today, irrespective of the lollypop phrases used by shrewd politicians to safeguard their prestige. There is a need for a public voice backed with the mental and moral equipment of a Ben Franklin, a Tom Paine, or an Abe Lincoln, who disdained glib phrases because they could think straight and speak clearly, and whose intellectual honesty and courage forbade them to distort facts or play with phrases. World conditions need fact-facing, for this is a time more serious than either pre-Munich or pre-Pearl Harbor when the people were "shielded" from the truth.

Thanks to the war, Mr. Citizen of the World can look forward to struggling for fifty years, or until 1996, to place the world's material assets at their 1938 level. The loss of $1,324 billion that went up in smoke (preliminary estimated cost of World War II) has given the theory of leisure, abundance, and higher standards of living a terrific jolt. Only work can restore this loss, and yield its economic benefits to mankind. This situation is similar to that of a man who, having struggled for, say, thirty years to accumulate funds to own a home (to enjoy leisure), knows that if the uninsured house burns down, it will take thirty years more work to replace it, during which time his leisure will be restricted considerably.

The United States didn't lose its cities and homes in the war, but it accumulated a tremendous debt. The significance of this liability is not seriously realized in terms of work needed for its amortization. It is large enough to sink the world economy, unless the hand at the wheel is endowed with consummate skill. Needed long-term loans to struggling nations are now the order of the day, as a means of preventing world chaos.

The "new sin" is not a matter of generalizing on the subject of scarcity, but the act of encouraging the hope that a magical formula will be developed which will substitute leisure for work, and at the same time supply a higher standard of living, with satisfactory old-age security. That is cruel. Also, it's as fallacious as the phrase "forty hours work for fifty hours pay."

ROBERT WRAY PORTER
South Orange, N. J.



"You gettin' up for reveille these days?"

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The breezy, anecdotal story of the railroad that built an empire in the wilderness...

Santa Fe

By JAMES MARSHALL

This is a boisterous account of one of the most amazing pioneering feats in our history . . . told with all the extravagant humor, and the outrageous lore of the high-flying railroad men of a century ago. A story of rivalries fought out across a continent, through blizzards, cyclones, deserts and canyons, filled with the exuberance and enterprise of a young America feeling its oats—and sowing them.

Here are tales as tall as the Rockies—but often just as real . . . the railroad magnate who never made a decision without consulting the band of Brownies he swore never left his side . . . the founding of the Harvey restaurants (every Harvey Girl a *guaranteed* lady) . . . the train that arrived 3 years late, and the one that had to back up a mile to pick up a baby who had fallen out of the window . . . the Arizona waiters who greeted every train with a hymn . . . the engine that got lost in a flood and showed up in Mexico 2 years later . . . the gun-toting passengers who shot at bandits through the windows, and were requested to leave passing cattle herds alone . . . and the wonderful story about the time a Santa Fe train was pulled by 3 elephants under the direction of a Hindu named O'Reilly.

N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE: "You can hear that whistle down the line as you read, and see the old smoke risin' down the bend . . . An American story so fantastic that all Hollywood had to do to make it a super-film was to dub in new music." *465 pages, indexed and illustrated.*

Everywhere, $3.75

RANDOM HOUSE, NEW YORK

Publishers of the Modern Library

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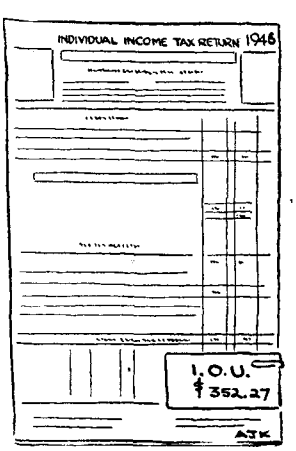
TRADE Winds

ONE OF THE greatest and best-known cameramen in the motion picture industry is James Wong Howe. Recently he provided a flock of relatives with sufficient capital to open a glistening new Chinese restaurant in the heart of Hollywood. It caught on immediately and the proud entrepreneur decided that the whole staff be photographed in front of the eatery, with himself very properly in the center. The commercial photographer summoned for the job was a hopelessly old-fashioned party who set up his apparatus in the direct path of automobiles passing the scene, and burrowed under one of those dusty black cloths that went out with white bearskin rugs and "listen to the birdies." After two taxicabs had missed the photographer by a fraction of an inch, Howe could stand it no longer. "If you open your shutter wider," he pointed out, "you can set up your camera on the sidewalk and get precisely the same result." The photographer regarded him angrily. "Listen, buddy," he said, "you stick to your racket and let me take care of mine." . . .

MARCELLA POWERS declares that she has the idea for a sure-fire anthology. Title: The Bedside Trollope. . . . Rinehart & Co. are going to publish a book about rumors—how they originate, how they are spread, and what damage they can accomplish—by David Jacobson. He calls it "Listen, Sucker." . . . A Wall Street statistician reports that the longest railroad tangent (straight track to you) in the world is in Australia—328 miles. The longest in this country is 78.86 miles. It's in North Carolina, on the Wilmington-Hamlet division of the Seaboard. Want to make anything of it? . . . The December 22 issue of *SRL* contains an ad by Henry Holt which hails "the noticeable boom in war books, prematurely pronounced dead last August." A few pages further on, however, Doubleday's "Paul" proclaims, "I've said it a thousand times: The public is turning away from war books. It's cold turkey now." Robert Crowell thinks the boys should compare a few records . . .

WHEN CASWELL ADAMS told me that "queue" was the only word in the English language with four consecutive vowels, he little suspected that he was loosing an avalanche. What about "aqueous?" chorus subscribers. And "sequoia?" And "giaour?" Mr. Harry Ober, a determined gentleman from Brookline, lists thirty-three words that fill the bill! Mrs. Doris Wortman adds that "miaoued" contains five consecutive vowels. I'm turning the whole correspondence over to Cas with a mental note to be doubly wary of statements by sports editors in 1946. . . . Frank Daniel, of the *Atlanta Journal,* asks for the common characteristics of these six words: DEFT, SIGHING, CALMNESS, CANOPY, FIRST, STUN. (Answer: each word contains three letters in their alphabetical order.) . . . Marion Dear demands two common words in which the vowels follow one another in alphabetical order. (Answer: ABSTEMIOUSLY and FACETIOUSLY.) . . . Thanks to everybody who sent in charades. I'll print a whole columnful of them if the demand warrants. . . . Doris Borrup submits the following:

> I have noted with interest your comments on word games. You've probably heard of this one before, but several of my friends and I have gotten such amusement out of it that I couldn't resist sending you a sample. The idea grew out of browsing aimlessly through the dictionary, finding odd words, and putting them into a story. Edith and Evelyn Smith of Stratford, Conn., are the originators of the following result, which was the first attempt and the best of the lot:
>
> "'Twas Walpurgisnight and we were enjoying the company of a few gumps in the local groggery smashing goglets as we emptied them, not as a goby to the goglets but all in the spirit of good clean fun, and discussing the possibility that another year Walpurgisnight might conceivably be coincident with neaptide. As the time for the nautch drew nigh we drifted into nashgob and discovered that among the gumps there was a niddering.



> This did not disturb our nexus for obvious reasons, although one small voice explained, 'Och hone.' A newcomer to the group announced that an onding was in progress but we suspected the announcement was a pawk and all peenged loudly except the niddering who was wont to roose ondings in general. By this time the nautch had been superseded by some expert but dreary sackdoodling by a saikless performer who might have made the Army if only he had known of saloop. The small voice who had earlier exclaimed 'Och hone' evidently actually sonnered the niddering as he suddenly began debating aloud whether he should throw his scouse at him or be satisfied with sclaffing him soundly and mingling gore with the scob on the floor from which it might never be absterged. He had not long to debate, however, for he was the first to take repose on the scob and the rest followed shortly. The gumps and even the niddering were besort."
>
> To play fairly one must use the words as they come and not search for appropriate words to fit a preconceived plot. Some of the words have become everyday stand-bys. Even now an onding rages outside.

I confess that I can't quite follow Miss Borrup's saga, but the full explanation, if any, probably is that she is a stockholder in G. and B. Merriam, publishers of Webster's Dictionary. . . .

VINCENT STARRETT reports that the staid members of London's Athanaeum Club were outraged by receipt of the following admonition in the mails, signed by one Stanley French:

1. Bishops who remove their gaiters
   Must not throw them at the waiters.
2. The right to dine without their collars
   Is still confined to bearded scholars.
3. Members, note: till stock increases
   Toilet rolls are not for theses. . . .

A PROMINENT CITIZEN of West Hartford, who asks that her name be omitted, sends me the saga of her grandfather's most memorable exploit. He was working his way through Harvard by selling maps in New England in the summer time. In one town he rented a room from the police chief's wife, just back of the local courthouse. As she rolled up the blind, she exclaimed, "There's that pesky rat crawling on the fence again. I'd give forty dollars to have it shot." "I'd do it for nothing, ma'am, if I had a revolver," said the young gallant. The lady produced her husband's revolver, and the salesman fired it. Unfortunately his aim left something to be desired. He missed the rat, but his bullet crashed through the courthouse window, whizzed by the dis-

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trict attorney, and embedded itself in the bench just above the right ear of the judge, who fainted. The young man escaped with a reprimand. The newspaper account of the episode was captioned, "The Rat Still Lives." . . .

TEST ADVERTISEMENTS in key cities having proved highly productive, John Stevenson is preparing to launch his Fiction Book Club in a big way. Members will be expected to take at least six of the twelve best sellers offered each year at $1.39 a copy. Selections will be proved best sellers, and just how the whole scheme differs from Doubleday's Dollar Book Club is something I haven't quite figured out yet. First three choices of the Club: "The Wine of San Lorenzo," "Dragon Harvest," "The Manatee." . . . Marshall Field, his buying spree unchecked, has acquired the Quarrie Corporation, which publishes the World Book Encyclopedia, and was managed formerly by G. and D.'s wily John O'Connor. . . . Macmillan has a new editor, and a darn good one too, on its staff. He is Donald Geddes, up from Columbia University Press, by way of Pocket Books. . . . A partner in the new Straus and Farrar set-up who has not yet been widely publicized, but who is going to pull a lot of weight as time goes on, is Allan Kempner, with a solid literary background, and steeped in the intricacies of Wall Street finance. . . . A publisher I've always thought well of (*please* don't make me give you his name) recently used the following adjectives in a single one-page advertisement: greatest, devastating, remarkable, breathtaking, amazing, indestructible, windswept, fascinating, fabulous, and superb. . . . The *Des Moines Register and Tribune* ran a front-page item chronicling the sale of a first edition of the "Decameron" in London for $13,600. The next day a lady in Tama, Iowa, wrote: "I have a book just like that in my possession. There isn't any marking on it except it was printed by the Blue Ribbon Classics. I am willing to take $13,000 flat for it." . . .

TAYLOR CALDWELL'S new novel, "Innocence," has already been earmarked by the Literary Guild for May, and bought for pictures by the newly formed Story Productions, headed by Hal Horne and Armand Deutsch. The emphasis of this new producing unit, explains the never reticent Mr. Horne, will be on stories and their authors, rather than the glamor girls who star in the productions. This is the reversal of a trend if ever I saw one, but Horne reminds me that he followed precisely this technique when he ballyhooed "How Green Was My Valley" and "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" for Twentieth Century-Fox. . . . The *Chicago Sunday Tribune's* book reviews, formerly lumped with theatre and motion-picture news, will blossom in a special supplement of their own, with a front page in full color, on February 3. . . . The Army seems loth to part with the services of Col. Evaristo Murray. A young thing at a party said to him, "Why are you still in uniform? Are you 4-F?" . . . Somerset Maugham's new novel will revolve about the characters of Lucretia Borgia and her father, Pope Alexander VI. Samuel Shellabarger, of "Captain from Castile" fame, has chosen Julius Caesar for the hero of *his* forthcoming book.

There's no place like Rome!

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

FOR you who read this particular column it is an easy 1946, but for me, it is the raining, dark, soggy last day of 1945. You are already solidly in a year that for me will not begin for several hours. You probably even write the date correctly by now.

It's a curious situation that we should both be living in the same world but in different years, and I make so much fuss about the point for only one reason. You of 1946, do you realise what the year I'm living in was like? Do you realise what a year has slipped its grains of atomic dust down into the bottom of the hourglass? You never knew there could be such a year! Yet even I, who am still in that year, had forgotten what it was like until I went to the movies and saw it reviewed.

There in that coughing moviehouse where the screen had lately resounded to the innocent cacophany of peace, there came the split of guns and the endless roar of trucks grinding through mud. This was the year a mushroom of smoke and city blew its top, and little man cowered back and marvelled at itself.

Can you of 1946 pull aside the curtains of peace and remember there was an Axis? Can you remember when you used to figure you had time to read a fat, well-printed book on quite an important subject? Now, for you it is 1946 and **The Ciano Diaries,** complete and unabridged, and covering the years 1939-1943 looks like a pre-war package. After the sort of literary package made necessary by war shortages, it's a temptation to take off your bifocals and run through this one bare-eyed. Its editor, HUGH GIBSON, has done a swell job for the reader by inserting a chronology of events which tell the vital facts year by year, and also a section called Dramatis Personae which identifies each figure referred to. Occasional reference to these two sections will make you the world champion log-faller-off-of.

Personally I get griped when I read copy about how such and such a book is the "inside story." But I can't help thinking that this brutal, clever, fantastic, and witty diary is the sort of personal confession that will go down in history as part of the axis-grease which nearly made the world spin its last spin.

paul

DOUBLEDAY

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Seeing Things

WOOLLCOTT SPEAKING

THE folder containing them was on a table; the table in the wings of Brooklyn's Academy of Music. The weather outside was fit for neither man, beast, nor Bond Rally. Although the house was sold out to the sweet tune of $2,482,000, no wonder most of the good people who had bought tickets by buying bonds had stayed home. Or that we, who were the speakers, faced a sea of upturned seats.

Clifton Fadiman, the best of all m.c.'s, had already started things going. Kathleen Winsor, looking as if her photograph had stepped off the jacket of her book, was speaking. With considerable ingenuity she was putting Amber to work for Uncle Sam.

Waiting my turn offstage, and unable to hear, I wandered over to the table. It bulged with what the program described as "door prizes." These included two ribbon-studded blouses worn by General Doolittle; an autographed manuscript by Archibald MacLeish; *and* the folder.

In it I found the following hitherto unpublished letters by Alexander Woollcott. They had been sent by him to George S. Kaufman, who had contributed them to the Rally. Their subject is "The Man Who Came to Dinner," a comedy with which Mr. Woollcott was not unconcerned. They tell their own story; the story of Mr. Woollcott's adventures as an actor when, by appearing as Sheridan Whiteside, he chose to play Johnson to his own Boswell.

They are, if you will, business letters, dashed off at odd moments from the road, from Lake Bomoseen, and even from the White House. Yet they have their Woollcott touches. In them can be found samples of his gaiety, proofs of his generosity, imprints of his bite, and gurgling expressions of the delights which were his to find himself on the boards.

Mr. Woollcott, it will be remembered, headed the third company of Mr. Kaufman's and Mr. Hart's enormously successful comedy. Although he may be said to have created the part offstage, Monty Woolley beat him to it behind the footlights. So did Clifton Webb; the former in New York, the latter in Chicago. About three months after he had opened in Los Angeles, Mr. Woollcott suffered his first heart attack. It is the subject of one of these letters. Because of it his Western tour, which was something of a royal progress, was cancelled. By the next season, however, he was well enough to resume.

I have no way of knowing if these stray letters will prove as interesting to others as they did to me. I know only that, as I skimmed them backstage at the Academy, I could scarcely tear myself away from them when my turn to speak had come. I wish it were possible to indicate the incredible immaculateness of each one of them, whether typed or written. In this case, as in many another, seeing is believing. The originals of these letters can now be seen at the Library of Brooklyn College, to which they were presented at the Bond Rally. For permission to reprint them here, I am indebted to the kindness of H. G. Bousfield, the librarian there. Yes, and to both Mr. Kaufman and Joseph Hennessey. Mr. Kaufman tells me they would have been included in "The Letters of Alexander Woollcott," edited by Beatrice Kaufman and Joseph Hennessey (Viking Press), had they come to light in time.

Sun Valley Lodge
Sun Valley, Idaho
December 31, 1939

Dear George:

. . . I am due at Los Angeles at 8:35 a.m., January 19th and, after dumping my stuff at the Garden of Allah, I would be ready to report at once for rehearsals, probably not letter perfect but near enough to become so after two or three days. Hennessey will have arrived before me and also, in case you care, let me report that the Alan Campbells will still be in residence at the Garden of Allah. You could drop in on them every morning and hear from her how lacking you are in merit.

Good luck to you in 1940.

A. WOOLLCOTT

—*Vandamm Studio*

Alexander Woollcott, "when, appearing as Sheridan Whiteside, he chose to play Johnson to his own Boswell."

P.S. Your telegram just arrived. I don't know Wyatt or Carlisle but I should think Morgan might be good as Maggie although the new fashions will keep more in evidence a pair of pipe-stem legs so thin that they chill the blood.

A. W.

Fairmont Hotel, San Francisco
March 19, 1940

Dear George:

After that spate of letters I wrote you last week, I had intended to lapse into a silence so prolonged that you would be beginning to say: "Whatever happened to Aleck? I hope he isn't mad at me."

However, two matters have come up. First, about R—. They seem to think that her mother's death is now a matter of hours and, what with nurses and everything, she's going to be short of funds. She wants to sign a contract for next season, and, on the strength of that, draw an advance from the management for $500. I know this only because, in her desperation, she turned to Rex O'Malley for advice and he consulted me. I have asked Mears to put it up to the New York office. I would be glad to put this money up myself and, indeed, will do so if there is no better way to handle it, but I gather that it would be a bad precedent. R— is the salt of the earth, and an indefatigable worker who shows up on the dot at each performance with no sign of all the hell she's going through. I would like to urge her to get in enough help so that she herself will not crack up.

About the route. I believe that Spink, a little taken aback at having his hedging as a prophet make such an impression on the New York office, is now wiring a suggestion that, after making the five-week tour he has already tentatively sketched, we come back here, returning in time for the re-opening of the Fair, which is looked on as no competition because the nights are too cool for the Fair to be popular after sundown. I have no objection to moving out of here after five weeks, but the decision to do so puzzles me. Since you once had the desire and intention for us to stay eight, I cannot understand the change of viewpoint because everything that has happened since has been against such a change. I think we could stay here twelve weeks, and probably twenty. Mears, Spink and everyone else hereabouts think the "Scandals" will not touch us at all. I know what you would think if you could get an eyeful of this business. We shall sell out through Holy Week. The business last night was bigger than the opening night. There are two box-offices open, and all day

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THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

A New Musical Play
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Iva Withers, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Jean Casto
MAJESTIC, W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
Harold Keel • Joseph Buloff • Betty Jane Watson • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat

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Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
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Eves. Incl. Sun. 8:30
Mats. Sat. & Sun.

NEW YORK'S No. 1 MUSICAL HIT!
OLIVER SMITH and PAUL FEIGAY present
Uproarious NANCY WALKER in
ON THE TOWN
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Book & Lyrics by BETTY COMDEN & ADOLPH GREEN. Music by LEONARD BERNSTEIN. Dances by JEROME ROBBINS
MARTIN BECK Theatre, 45th St. W. of 8th Ave.
CI. 6-6363. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. 2:40

Frank Fay in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

("A Dream of a Play"—Chapman, News)
THE PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY presents
BETTY FIELD
in ELMER RICE'S NEW COMEDY
DREAM GIRL
Staged by THE AUTHOR
CORONET Thea., 49 St. W. of B'way. CI. 6-8870
Evs.8:40,Mon-Thur.$4.20-1.20;Fri.&Sat.$4.80-1.20
Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40, $3 to $1.20, Tax incl.

yesterday and today there has been an unbroken line at both of them reaching right across the lobby. Those box-offices took in over $5,000 in cash yesterday, most of it, of course, for the third week because the tickets for the fourth are not yet on sale and the tickets for the second are nearly all gone. I know a hit when I see one, and this is fabulous. We have four times the air of a success here than we had in Los Angeles. I am not the most experienced old showman in the world, but I am no fool either. Or do you want to argue that point?

A. W.

Fairmont Hotel, San Francisco
May 4, 1940

My dear George:

This evening I am being shipped, in care of Hennessey, to Al Getman in Syracuse, whence, after inspection, I expect to be sent on to the island with orders to rest madly. The expedition will be a pretty picture, being a succession of stretchers, wheel chairs, ambulances, and trains, me moving from this bed to the one in Syracuse without so much as changing pajamas except for sanitary purposes.

For the first eight or ten days after I cracked up, I was so steadily dosed with morphine that I had only the vaguest notion of what had happened or what was going on. When this fog cleared, my thoughts, as you might well imagine, were poor company, and it is still my strong recommendation that one's first heart attack should also be one's last. How damaged a piece of goods is now addressing you I suppose the next few weeks will tell.

I gather that this man Bloomfield from Leland Stanford is supposed to be the crack heart man on this side of the Mississippi, and he tells me that in another month I will be as good as ever, which, if you ask me, is not good enough. Even if he may be putting it all a little rosily to me, he will certainly talk turkey to Getman, who in turn will talk turkey to me. In any event, it seems to be agreed among them that before the end of June they will be able to tell me whether I must spend the remainder of my life on the shelf (which, let me assure you privately, I have no intention of

THEATRE INCORPORATED presents
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
RAYMOND MASSEY
Pygmalion
By BERNARD SHAW
Staged by CEDRIC HARDWICKE
BARRYMORE, West 47th Street
Eves. 8:30, Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"Hurry, Folks & Get Your Tickets"—N. Y. Times
Richard Kollmar & James W. Gardiner present
ARE YOU WITH IT?
JOAN ROBERTS
JOHNNY DOWNS
LEW PARKER
DOLORES GRAY
Jane Deering • Jane Dulo • June Richmond
CENTURY Thea. 59th St. & 7th Ave. CI 7-3121
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

JOHN C. WILSON'S Gay Musicals

The DAY Before SPRING
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
Book & Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER
Irene MANNING • Bill JOHNSON
John ARCHER
Dances by ANTONY TUDOR
NATIONAL W. 41 St. Eve. 8:30 Mat. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

in association with NAT GOLDSTONE
BLOOMER GIRL
NANETTE FABRAY • DAVID BROOKS • DOOLEY WILSON • DOROTHY JARNAC
Music by HAROLD ARLEN
Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES
SHUBERT W. 44 St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
MARTHA SCOTT • JOHN BEAL • VICKI CUMMINGS
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
the Voice of the Turtle
by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • VIVIAN VANCE
CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre

Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein 2d present
MARY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with J. TETZEL, A. GESSNER, R. BISHOP
MUSIC BOX, W. 45th St. • Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

"It's a Hit!" — MOREHOUSE, The Sun
DEEP ARE THE ROOTS
FULTON Theatre, 46th St. West of B'way.
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:40

"Musical wow of the season." Walter Winchell
PAULA STONE & HUNT STROMBERG, Jr. present
VICTOR HERBERT'S
Most Famous Musical Comedy
The RED MILL
with MICHAEL O'SHEA • EDDIE FOY, Jr.
ODETTE MYRTIL • DOROTHY STONE
46th ST. THEATRE — W. of Bway — CI 6-4759
Eves 8:40 — Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

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doing) and, more particularly, will be able to tell *you* whether I will be a good risk for that tour in the play.

I am hoping to reach the island the end of next week.

My love to Beatrice.

A. W.

Bomoseen, Vermont
September 7, 1940

Dear George:

As I wired you on the way home from Syracuse Thursday, Al Getman turned thumbs down on the tour even should it begin so late as November. He thinks now that I am more than likely to emerge from all this with a good heart muscle which in June he would have thought wildly improbable. He thinks I might make the tour and be none the worse for it but that it is foolhardy for me to undertake, so soon after a heart lesion, a task that I cannot take up and hastily put down whenever I am over weary or below par. It so happens that every articulate person in my acquaintance was of the same opinion and although I have no reason to think any of them know what they are talking about, I find it takes more guts than I have to brush them all aside.

This is a greater disappointment to me than any of them can possibly imagine. I begat a unique project and it promised well and when I fell by the wayside I did so with a sense of defeat and frustration from which I shall never recover. I try to think that some unforeseen factor will suddenly enter. For instance Monty Woolley might drop dead just as he was starting on tour and at a time when I was so obviously recovered that no one would hesitate to let me go in his place. Or perhaps he will have to leave the cast for six months and I could spring into the breach as a superbly equipped (although extremely expensive) understudy. Who knows?

Joe Hennessey, who has been unwavering in his opposition to my going back into the cast and to whom I am so incalculably indebted that I must consider anything he says, was all for my reporting to you from Syracuse that I would not do the play but would do the picture. I found his mind inaccessible to the arguments against such a proposal. It did no good for me at all to point out that I had no such alternative before me and that you might have many reasons, of which I knew nothing, for preferring someone else in the picture. Finally, I could bring to such a proposal no conviction that I would be good in the picture. I know goddam well that I can be better in the play than anyone in the American theatre since John Barrymore began to rot but perhaps performances before the camera require a technique which would leave me visibly second rate, to put it mildly. Indeed, I would not mention this at all if you had not yourself said something about it in a meditative way when you were up here in early August.

I am due at the Gotham in New York on the night of the 22nd and shall be there the greater part of the week. We can talk about this then or later or not at all.

A. Woollcott

The White House
Washington
December 17, 1940

Dear George:

This place isn't what it used to be. My room is a vast, comfortable place where the Emancipation Proclamation was signed and where later the King of England was lodged. George VI slept here. But Martha Hemingway was just across the way and tonight she is leaving and Edna Ferber is moving in so I will be back at the Gotham tomorrow evening. If any of your people (Myra, Beatrice, Morris Jacobs, Moss Hart, Tamara, Dorothy Sims) want to see me, they can get me there any time this week—especially Thursday and Friday.

Yours, etc.

A. Woollcott

Bomoseen, Vermont
December 30, 1940

Dear George:

About the tour of the play. I'm sorry that Princeton is out and have more than a mild interest in what the rest of the tour is. In your last letter you mentioned only Baltimore and Philadelphia. I have never seen the route. As for quitting because I feel weary I give you the promise you ask for, meanwhile being convinced internally that I shall have no occasion to keep it. I might have to miss a performance once a month because I was having a gall-bladder attack but generally speaking I am in better condition now to do the play than I have been in a good many years. I would also like to know when rehearsals begin. It might help your company if I rehearsed several days before leaving for Florida in addition to rehearsing for the week which would be available after I get back.

I have just returned from Montreal where I went more or less on the urging of Bob Sherwood to do a broadcast for the Canadians. Just as I was leaving, your Mr. Reinheimer sprung on me a letter he wanted me to sign. As this was in essence a complete misstatement of fact, my first impulse was to refuse and on reflection this disinclination has deepened. In effect (in case all this has been done without your knowledge) Mr. Reinheimer asked me to approve his statement that $12,375 was being paid to me in return for my giving Warners carte blanche to make as libelous and offensive a picture as their inclinations and taste might dictate. You know as well as I do that the $12,375 had no such *quid pro quo* attached to it.

Reinheimer has since assured me by telegram that it was part of the contract that my name would be omitted from the film, the advertising and all the publicity material. I do not find this reassuring because after all the contract is not with me and it would not be a matter of concern to any of the signatories to see that this clause was enforced.

However, that is not the main point. There is no escaping the fact that it will be said in every review of this picture that I was the inspiration for it. On this point I have been apprehensive from the first. The damage the picture could do me in reputation is literally incalculable. However, so long as you and Moss were going to direct it I trusted in your good will and your good taste to protect me as far as I thought it reasonable to ask that I be protected. To turn Warners or any other movie company loose without supervision is quite another matter. Perhaps it is a point on which they should deal with me direct. Perhaps they can give me some kind of assurance in the matter. But if they want me to take the risk involved in approving the picture in advance, sight unseen, I should put a

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very considerably higher figure on the waiver than the sum Mr. Reinheimer's letter suggests is adequate. In any event I think I should sign nothing composed by Mr. Reinheimer until it has had the approval of my own lawyer. If there is no hurry about this, such approval could wait until I get down to New York in the middle of the month. Otherwise I need only go to the mainland and give Lloyd Stryker the facts over the telephone.

A. W.

Bomoseen, Vermont
January 3, 1941

Dear George:

It's a relief to hear that you have "the right of approval." To be sure this sounds a little like the privilege of the ballot in Germany. If you also have the "right of disapproval" my misgivings are largely abated and would turn pretty much on by whom and how the part is played. I should suffer considerable damage if Mr. Whiteside in the picture turned out to be a pansy. It seems to me my chances of being damaged by the picture would be considerably reduced if I refuse to give Warners a document leaving them free to go as far as they like.

When you say that the connection between the $12,375 and the libel point is simple and clear, you are, in my opinion, neither thinking nor talking straight. I thought and still think of that sum as a token-payment acknowledging the considerable indebtedness to me in the matter of the entire venture which neither you nor Moss had ever recognized or at least admitted. That it was to be paid out of the movie rights was a matter of bookkeeping with which I had nothing to do. If for one moment you had suggested (as your Mr. Reinheimer promptly proceeded to do) that this was a little cash to facilitate the sale of the picture I should have named a considerably larger sum for such a waiver. However, the chief point is that I want protection. If your own contract with Warners or any other firm puts you in a position to give it to me your word is all I ask for. If it does not I think I would be taking the minimum reasonable precaution to have Lloyd Stryker serve a caveat on Warners now.

About the tour. Have you any choice of theatres in Baltimore? When you reach the vague terrain after Philadelphia I ask you again to consider two weeks in Chicago. If there's any advantage to the Sam Harris office in sending me out at all I think we ought to be good for two weeks there where there has always been an enormous turnout for every lecture I have ever done.

I leave for Florida on the 21st so I could at least do one run-through with the company on the 20th. I would be available again for rehearsals on the 26th. If getting Betty Blythe for Mrs. Stanley is possible I would like to register the opinion that I thought she was superb. What about Romney Brent? What about Hennessey?

A. Woollcott

John Mason Brown

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Quest for a Northwest Passage

PASSAGE TO GLORY: JOHN LEDYARD'S AMERICA. By Helen Augur. New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc. 1946. 310 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JAMES P. WOOD

WHEN Captain James Cook sailed out of Plymouth, England, in 1776 on his third and last voyage of Pacific exploration, he had aboard the *Resolution* as corporal of British marines a young seafaring New Englander who was himself to become a famous traveler. John Ledyard of Groton, Connecticut, had already had one great adventure. He had escaped from Dartmouth College by navigating the Connecticut River to Hartford in a fifty-foot hollow pine canoe. He was to have further adventures in the South Pacific, Unalaska, Europe, Siberia, and Africa, but the American Marco Polo, as Miss Augur calls him at one point, met his destiny on the famous last voyage of Cook.

Trying once more to settle the question of the Northwest Passage, Cook made landfall in Nootka Sound, off what was later named Vancouver after another member of the expedition. They were the first white men to land along this coast. Here John Ledyard saw and recognized the American Northwest.

> He saw an America running from sea to sea. . . . He looked at a country strong and primitive and most beautiful of all, and told himself, "This is America." . . . To all minds but his this Northwest had nothing whatever to do with the little strips of colonies along the Atlantic seaboard, and no patriot on the Atlantic had ever thought of the Pacific coast and said, "This is America." To him alone there was this shock of recognition.

It became Ledyard's driving ambition to return to the Northwest, to join it to the rest of America by exploration east to the Mississippi. His attempts to gain backing in the eastern United States and then in Europe for a Pacific expedition which would gain the fur trade of the Northwest with China for this new country and also enable him to realize his dream of exploration take up a large part of the book.

The full-bodied narrative of this biography is excellent. The accounts of Cook's death in Hawaii; of Ledyard's friendly association with Thomas Jefferson, who admired him and understood his Pacific dreams; his abortive partnership with John Paul Jones; his harsh journey across Russia from St. Petersburg to Yakutsk; his final adventure into Africa make vivid and sometimes exciting reading. Miss Augur, biographer earlier of Anne Hutchinson, tells her tale of the hardy, lone explorer, pushed on by his own sense of urgency, frayed by hardships, poverty, and disappointment, and tells it well.

"Passage to Glory" is less successful in other aspects. The character of John Ledyard, painted as flamboyant and intuitive, does not emerge too clearly from the mass of supporting historical detail. The author's efforts to make Ledyard a man of greater import than he actually was are often clumsy and occasionally unconvincing.

Claims of his prowess as a natural anthropologist and a man who lived by "long-range intuition" and acted "as if he knew" what was going to happen in his country's future are not borne out by the passages quoted from Ledyard's letters and journals. The narrative itself, particularly in the earlier sections of the book, is often slowed by blocks of rather opaque minor historical details which might easily have been omitted, and by prose-poetic messages which neither add to the distinctness of John Ledyard nor aid in the understanding of his time.

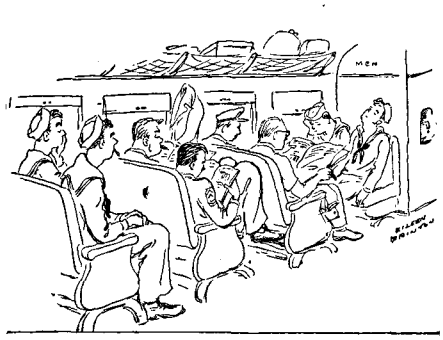
In a World of Darkness

LIGHTS OUT. By Baynard Kendrick. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1945. 240 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by J. P. BLICKENSDERFER

EVER since World War I Baynard Kendrick has been interested in the blind and their world. Some years ago he created Duncan Maclain, a blind detective, who has solved many a whodunit. Recently Mr. Kendrick has served as a consultant and as instructor in creative writing at Old Farms Convalescent Hospital. Out of this latter experience has grown the novel "Lights Out."

Beginning with Sgt. Larry Nevin's last wild drive through a shelling in which he stopped one with his head, the first part of the story carries Larry swiftly through dressing stations, base hospital, journey home by air, and arrival at Valley Forge General Hospital. Here he learns that he will never see again, that he must live in a world of utter darkness. At first he is desperate and rebellious, regresses to childlike rages and sulks, but under expert nursing he soon begins to acquaint himself with his new world; learns to walk confidently, to dress and feed himself, to orient himself by sound, smell, and touch. Friends are still only voices, and may remove themselves by being silent; trains and buses are noise machines, jouncing and rolling while apparently standing still in black tunnels. Girls are perfumes and rounded surfaces—to be talked to politely if they are hostesses in the USO, to be brailled if they are picks-ups in a cafe.



Larry's adventures in his new world make up the documentary part of the story. The careful training is authentically described. The ingenuity and thoughtfulness of physicians and nurses are perhaps more comforting to the sympathetic reader than to Larry and his blind companions.

Having passed his first examinations, Larry is granted a furlough to visit his family in Florida, and his troubles begin. Well-meaning friends try to make a hero of him, but succeed only in making him conscious of his blindness and clumsiness. After several weeks of disillusionment, Larry is glad enough to be sent to Old Farms Convalescent Hospital and taught more about adapting himself to the sighted world before attempting to take his place in it for the rest of his life.

"Lights Out" could have been merely a harrowing tear-jerker, but it is not; it could be vivid reporting, but it is that and more. Larry Nevin's physical adventures in a dark world are well told, and his growing ability to respond to signals from four senses instead of five. More interesting is Larry's mental struggle as he is forced to reflect instead of to see, to take growing comfort in the insight which begins to compensate for his loss of sight. The first experience may seem too pat. Florida-born Larry hears at Valley Forge a soft Southern voice, strikes up a friendship with its owner, Joe. After Larry and Joe have been on a small binge together in town, Larry discovers by accident that Joe is a Negro. Forced to make the effort, Larry develops a new sense of values to assess essentials instead of appearances.

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An Ill-Assorted Couple

PORTRAIT OF A MARRIAGE. By Pearl S. Buck. New York: The John Day Co. 1945. 224 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

IN her new novel (previously published in *Redbook* with the title "A Man's Daily Bread") Pearl Buck turns away from China to write of Pennsylvania, but her Americans manage to be as close to the good earth and the eternal verities of life as her Chinese. Even her portrait of an "impossible" marriage between the highly-polished scion of an aristocratic Philadelphia family and the illiterate daughter of a Pennsylvania farmer succeeds in dealing with generalities of existence that are as true for one human being as another.

When William Barton, son of a wealthy art collector, was painting the countryside and accidentally fell in love with Ruth Harnsbarger, "he knew it was not what he had planned, but it was what he wanted." This ignorant woman who could give him no real understanding or companionship would nevertheless comfort and satisfy his spirit by leaving him his freedom and by ministering unobtrusively yet efficiently to the needs of his body. Her frankness and simplicity, her silences which held no provocation, her beauty and her passionate responses which never failed him, all brought him peace. And as for her, the giving was enough. Years later she could truthfully think that "there was nothing he did for her that paid her for all her work, except that he was himself and made anything she did worth doing because it was for him."

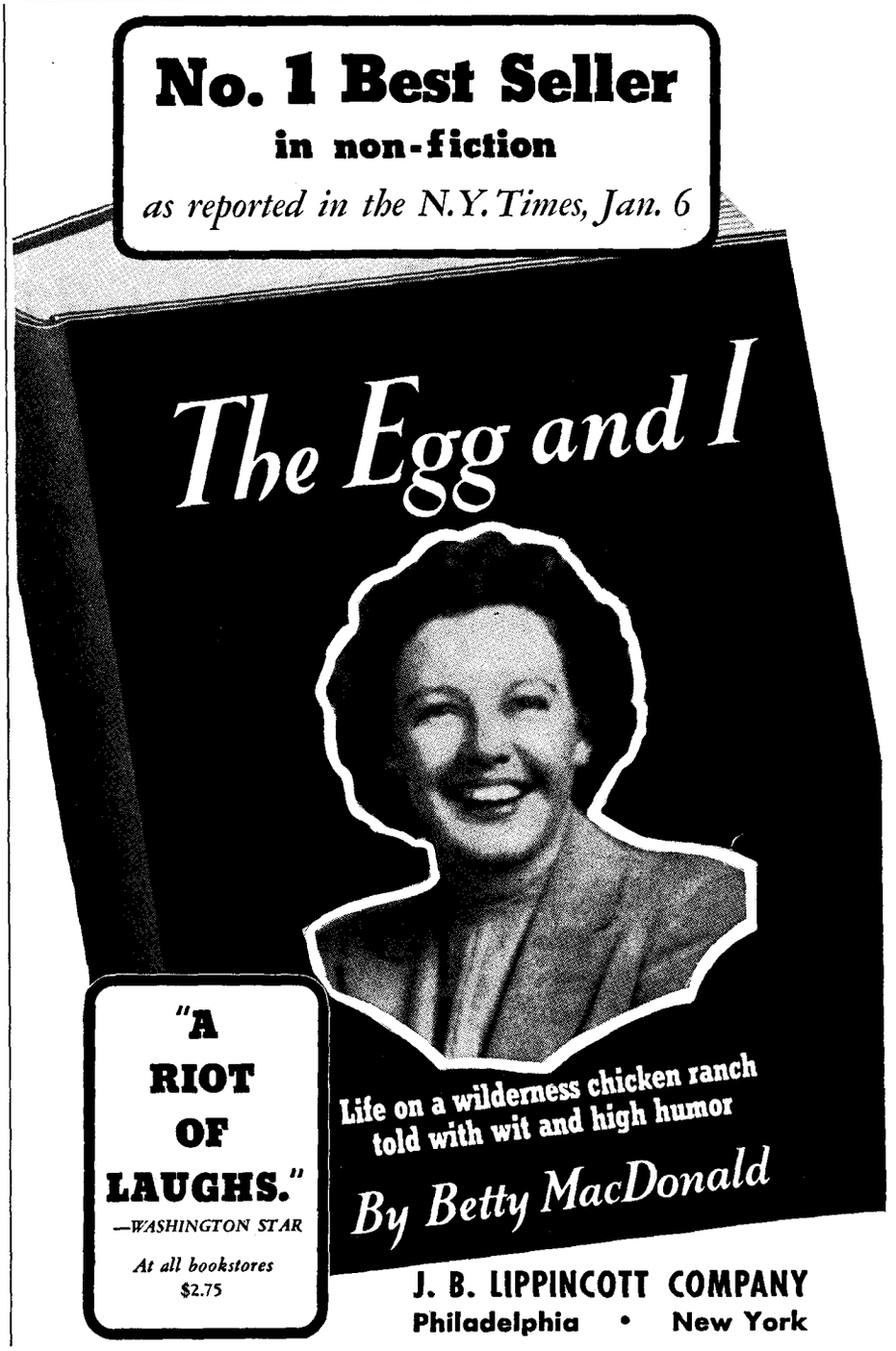
The story of the marriage of this ill-assorted couple concerns not only themselves but their children and even their grandchildren. Yet it is always their story, the differing manifestations of their love for one another and for the children, their mutual interdependence, their sacrifices and frustrations, their small, unconscious jealousies. Into this marriage come strange contrasts from the widely differing backgrounds of the protagonists. We find Ruth hating the city where William tries to paint. We meet William's cosmopolitan friends and Ruth's rustic neighbors, each group unknown and almost unknowable to the other. And before the novel ends, two wars have invaded this marriage, changing much on the surface, but leaving its fabric intact.

Pearl Buck at her best has a magic way with words, a lovely lilting simplicity, evocative of the eternal simplicities she presents, and in much of this realistic idyl she is at her best. Moreover, once she has presented her unlikely situation, she does not compromise: aristocrat and peasant, each conceived in terms true to his heritage. Nevertheless the situation itself, although it is made to reveal profound truths, tends to remain unconvincing. So few William Bartons marry Ruth Harnsbargers that the premises somewhat undermine acceptance of the altogether logical conclusions. After the premises have been granted, however—and everything is done to make them seem plausible—the reader will not hesitate to submit to the author's spell: the exquisite patterns of her prose and her supreme artistry in distilling the general from the particular.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 616)

HENRY S. CANBY:
FAMILY HISTORY

I do think it is useful, and perhaps important, especially in a mobile country like this, and in violently changing times like ours, . . . to know in what soil we grew, and what its functions were in the long process of a family tree.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Action on the Seven Seas

5000 MILES TOWARDS TOKYO. By Green Peyton. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 1945. 173 *pp.* $2.50.

THE JESSE JAMES OF THE JAVA SEA. By Carl Carmer. New York: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc. 1945. 119 *pp.* $1.50.

DESTROYERS IN ACTION. By Richard A. Shafter. New York: Cornell Maritime Press. 1945. 246 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

THE publishers have done a disservice to the author of "5000 Miles Towards Tokyo" by subtitling the book "How the United States Won the Naval Struggle in the Pacific." It is by no means the history of the war in the East that this implies but specifically the tale of Air Group 60 aboard one of the escort carriers, converted from tanker. Mr. Peyton was the ACI man aboard, which means that it was his job to question every pilot when he came in from combat flight and as a result of these questionings to render a report on what the group had accomplished. Dealing with wildly excited young men who have just been shot at and are not infrequently wounded is a tough job; one could hardly blame an ACI man if he developed a certain surgical callousness. The thing that makes this one of the better books on the Pacific War is that Mr. Peyton develops no such callousness; that throughout he continues to appreciate these pilots as individuals rather than as fighting men.

There is also the fact that the escort carrier *Suwannee*, from whose decks Air Group 60 operated, got into nearly every important action in the Pacific, so that his young men had a good deal more to tell than the usual tale of fleeting contacts and Japanese ships seen only to vanish again. The illustrations, mainly by Navy combat artists, are outstandingly good.

* * *

Five members of the Annapolis class of 1925, all submariners, had dinner in a little French cafe in Manila the eve of Pearl Harbor. (Rather curiously, in another French cafe in the same city that same night five other naval officers were meeting, only these were destroyer men.) Nearly a year later the submarine men met again in a hotel in Australia. In between all five had led their undersea boats through a series of adventures wilder than any could have dreamed and had offered the only really effective check to Japan's drive toward the conquest of an empire.

In "The Jesse James of the Java Sea," Mr. Carmer tells the story of what happened in that gap between two dinners through the eyes of the men of the submarine *Sturgeon*. It is probably not his fault that the performance is not quite up to the plan. This was one of the lost submarine books and the text bears the marks of censorship. Of course, the publishers could have restored the censored passages after the war ended, but apparently they found it not worth the trouble for some reason or other. The book accordingly has a faintly passé air; it reads as though it were produced in a hurry and out of insufficient information. Or perhaps it is just that Mr. Carmer's style is not exactly the best in the world for handling tales of derring-do and bloodshed.

* * *

"Destroyers in Action" is a modest little book about destroyers, intended for Navy men and Navy enthusiasts. If the Hegelian basis of criticism be accepted that the only important thing about any piece of literature is the question of how well the author has succeeded in fulfilling the task he has set himself, it comes pretty close to being a very good book.

There is no attempt to tell the whole story of the destroyer service; we are dealing here with a few specific destroyers—*Kearny* and *Borie* that fought submarines in the Atlantic, *Bernadou* which was in the North African invasion, *Laffey* that went down in the big battle off Guadalcanal, *O'Bannon* which saw all the troubles up the Slot in 1943—with some others. The method is curious. In each case Mr. Shafter has quite a bit about the man for whom the ship was named with any anecdotes clinging around him; then the story of any previous ships that have borne the same name, and only finally the narrative of the destroyer in question herself. It is probably not a method that would do for any other kind of book at all, but as mentioned above, Navy enthusiasts are going to love it.

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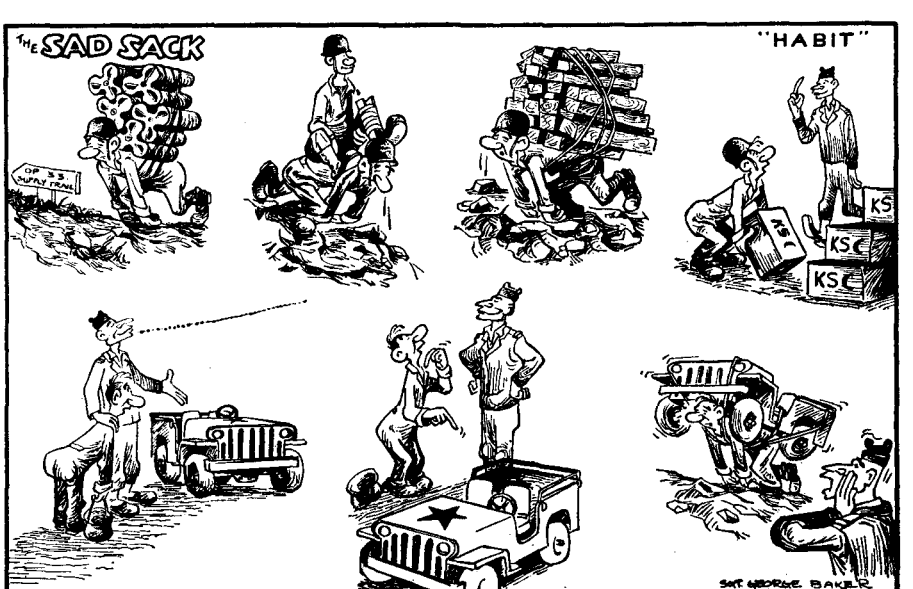

—From "The Sad Sack"

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Poems of a Painter

SELECTED POEMS. By Marsden Hartley. Edited and Introduced by Henry W. Wells. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 139 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS book is posthumously published, to a large extent from manuscript material. You won't find Hartley in most biographical dictionaries, but he was an artist with a considerable reputation. Reproductions of some of his paintings illustrate this book. He had studied in Paris and Berlin, and knew Europe, where there had been successful exhibitions of his pictures. He knew New Mexico, Nova Scotia, and Bermuda, too. He was a bachelor to the end of his days, a singular character and a versatile. His epistolary style was his own and his correspondence large, and he contributed essays and poems to literary journals. He was probably too versatile for the critics. He loved his native Maine. He wrote free verse well, and in it he could be witty and light or grave and incisive. Over three-fifths of these poems are printed for the first time. He left manuscripts of five hundred poems. His phrase is eccentric and original. I like his tribute to a friend, the poet, Marianne Moore:

Like a surgeon at the drugged decisive table
opening the cicatrice carefully, to find
what ails the sentence, separate fruit from rind,
the sickness of the hyper-trammeled theme,
or shake the skeleton of a proved factitious thought
noon-high with genteel perspicacity,
heart left to fend for itself since it is not asked to even speak its piece;
for casual concordance of times release
beknight her—we might add—for keeping poetry
from bending fallacious knee or breathe
too heavily in areas conspicuously forlorn
for which it was never born.

That is a better description of Marianne's poetry than most I have read, and has a nice subtlety. If you like that kind of poetry, this is of the best of its kind. If you like islands in Penobscot Bay, if you like artistic fooling and irony, the random thoughts of an original mind, you'll like these poems.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
CRIME IN CRYSTAL *Harriette R. Campbell* (Harpers: $2.)	Lady Vanessa Lorrister bludgeoned in boudoir. Her dressmaker is slain, too. Simon Brade and his ivory cubes solve riddle.	Enigmatic girl suspect most interesting person in highly emotional blend of crime, clairvoyance, and canny deduction.	Adequate
DARK ROAD *Doris Miles Disney* (Crime Club: $2.)	Wife decides to put flabby spouse out of way and does so quite cleverly . . until Insurance Investigator DiMarco gets busy.	Effective, convincing, and compelling tale about batch of people not even most doting mother could love. Sleuthing is especially well handled.	Good in-reverse stuff
THE UNSUSPECTED *Charlotte Armstrong* (Coward-McCann: $2.50)	Ex-flyer works slick trick on jilted, ugly-duckling heiress to find out who made his cousin Rosaleen kill herself.	Getting goods on very evident "slayer" theme of extra-suspenseful, well characterized and satisfactorily shivery tale, with pleasant romantic overtones.	It's a honey!
THE FIFTH MAN *Manning Coles* (Crime Club: $2.)	British secret agent Hambleton meets reckless countryman who plays Nazi and leads German espionage gang to doom.	Almost as good as "Drink to Yesterday"—which is some accolade. New character Colemore quite up to Hambleton in resourceful daring.	A-1 Spy thriller
THE PAVILION *Hilda Lawrence* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Return of native (girl) to fated Southern mansion begins unravelment of gory skein that clouds lives of neurotic clan.	Scened in "nice country but crazy." Most of characters ditto. Mystery works itself out via diaries, letters, etc. No sleuth.	Well...

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Story of the Doughfoot

FIGHTING DIVISIONS. By Chief Warrant Officer E. J. Kahn, Jr., and Technical Sergeant Henry McLemore. Washington, D. C.: The Infantry Journal. 1945. 218 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MAJOR JOSEPH HIRSH

IN the early days of the war there was often a friendly but spirited rivalry between men of different fighting units. It existed even at higher echelons, where it caused dissension and bitterness between the air, ground, and sea forces. Much of it was a natural outgrowth of pride in one's unit or service. As the war progressed the concept of joint and combined operations whipped the various components into a team which made the technical defeat of the Axis powers possible. But now that the active fighting is over, we can look to a revival of rivalries at all levels.

However the battle of the armchairs turns—whether this regiment or that division won the war singlehanded or whether the Air Forces, Ground Forces, or Navy forced the final capitulation—there can be no doubt that the men who actually came to grips with the enemy on a man-to-man basis rightfully claim a big piece in the victory pie. These are the men of the fighting divisions, about whom this book is written.

These men were trained to do one thing—to fight, to kill, to capture, to immobilize the enemy, and to hold his territories. Organized to fight on the ground—in the deserts, on beachheads, in the jungles, in the mountains—they scored the inch by inch and yard by yard gains which made victory possible. They suffered the most and the longest of all fighting men—from cold, from heat, from hunger. They died. Sixty-four percent of the Army's Congressional Medal of Honor awards and seventy-five percent of its casualties were earned by the doughfeet, the infantrymen. And this is their story.

In the summer of 1940 our ground army consisted of eight regular Army infantry divisions, one experimental armored division, and little more than one cavalry division. From this nucleus mushroomed a combat army of nearly a hundred divisions—one cavalry, one mountain, five airborne, sixteen armored, and sixty-nine infantry. With the exception of two, the American and Philippine Divisions, all were numbered. The lowest numbers were those of the so-called Regular divisions, the intermediate bracket of numbers, twenty-six through forty-five, were those of the Federalized National Guard divisions, and the rest those of the war-activated divisions. Some of these divisions saw only a few months' actual battle service, others have a history covering many campaigns and more than one theatre of war.

What these divisions are, how they came to win their sobriquets, where they have been and what they have done, are all high-lighted in "Fighting Divisions." This book was not conceived in terms of a complete history, but rather as an historical compendium. It achieves that aim. The appendices are extremely useful, comprising a listing of divisional and higher echelon units and their commanders in all theatres of operation, the battles and campaigns in which our forces were engaged, eighteen simple maps of operations and campaigns, and eight color pages of divisional insignia. This book is a timely and handy reference work.

The doughfeet "were trained to fight on the ground, in the deserts, on beachheads, in the jungles, in the mountains."

Wartime Britain

BLOOD, SWEAT, AND LIPSTICK. By Elsie Danenberg. New York: Greenberg. 1945. 298 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE M. PURDY

VIEWED in perspective, there is still considerable interest and value in these pictures of wartime Britain, though they reach us when the blitz is a memory obscured by the smoke over Hiroshima. They are by a newspaperwoman of British birth but of long experience in America, and the propaganda strain is often evident. Miss Danenberg saw the last year of the war through with the London rescue squads, was on hand for D-day and the arrival of the buzz-bombs, and later visited Wales and Scotland and the industrial north. She worked for a time with the Woman's Land Army, and with war workers in many other fields. Her record of these experiences is unusually complete and vivid in detail. It offers conclusive proof of the thoroughness of the mobilization in England, and of the austerity of civilian life for all classes—an austerity unimaginable for those who went through the war on this side of the ocean.

In spite of a rather trifling title, the book is worth attention. The material so industriously gathered by the author is treated in conventional journalistic fashion, but it remains stark and impressive, and its preservation in book form is justified.

War, Minor Key

LETTERS FROM THE DESERT. By Moshe Mosenson. New York: Sharon Books. 1945. 222 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by W. H. HINDLE

MR. MOSENSON was a Jewish volunteer in the British forces, and fought with them from El Alamein to Tripoli. These letters to his family record the daily thoughts, feelings, and incidents of his Army life. There is little sound and fury in them: it is indicative of his outlook that, although he was present at the siege of Tobruk, he mentions it only in passing. Instead, there is a series of vignettes of men and places, a few of them almost pastoral in tone. On one day, Mr. Mosenson describes the impotent rage which strafing airplanes inspire; on another, a friendly New Zealander he has met; on a third his sentimental recollections of home. In sharp contrast with the blood-and-guts school of war reporting, his descriptions are almost always in a minor key. They may not be any the less true for that.

There is much in the letters of special interest to Jews. Mr. Mosenson naturally observed more closely than most British soldiers the sufferings of Jews in the Axis concentration camps in Tripoli and Tunisia, or the attitude of Arabs in Transjordan (where he also served). He is at his best, however, in writing of experiences common to men of all nations.

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A LETTER TO A GERMAN PROFESSOR

(*Continued from page 6*)

curbed neither by fear nor by self-interest; for they live in the spirit and defy matter, like the early Christians who were similarly impervious to physical pleasure. In fact, in a social revolution such transcendental idealists would be even more inflexible than the first Christians; for those bore earthly martyrdom in order thereby to attain heavenly bliss, while the transcendental idealist regards the torture itself as an idle delusion and remains inaccessible behind the ramparts of his own thoughts. But the most terrible of all would be natural philosophers taking an active part in a German revolution and identifying themselves with the work of destruction. For if the Kantian's hand strikes strongly and surely because his heart is moved by no traditional respect—if the Fichtean defies all danger because for him it does not really exist—the philosopher of nature will be fearful because he can join the primeval forces of nature, because he can call up the demoniac energies of ancient Germanic pantheism and because then there will awake in him that fighting folly that we find among the ancient Germans, that fights neither to kill nor to conquer, but simply to fight. Christianity has—and that is its fairest merit—somewhat mitigated the brutal German lust for battle. But it could not destroy it; and once the taming talisman, the Cross, is broken, the savagery of the old battlers will flare up again, the insane berserk rage of which Nordic bards have so much to say and sing. That talisman is brittle. The day will come when it will pitiably collapse. Then the old stone gods will rise from forgotten rubble and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes; and Thor will leap up with his giant hammer and start smashing Gothic cathedrals.

Yes: we have seen the old stone gods rise up from their forgotten rubble. We have beheld the new gods walking the streets, hammer in hand, breaking the windows of Jewish-owned shops or smashing the fingers of prisoners held for questioning. Heine's terrible predictions have been abundantly confirmed. Within a generation the frenetic Nietzsche had proclaimed the overthrow of Christianity, and in his insanity even conceived himself as the anti-Christ; while within one further generation a whole party, indeed a whole people, turned its back upon two thousand years of Christian civilization, attacking its foundations in Judaism, in order that the structure might be all the more effectually brought to the ground. Were not Heine's long range predictions much closer to reality than the contemporary analyses of the political observers, the diplomats, the economists, before the Nazis came into power?

Heine was correct, my dear Eduard, because he realized that the errors of the subjective idealist were not simply the errors of a system or the aberrations of a few academic minds: he understood that these errors spring from the very roots of German psychology. Your philosophers merely provided a rational basis for your education in collective irrationality; they brought into the open and spread it more widely, so that ordinary men, who took it at fourth or fifth hand, eventually participated in the error, accentuated it, and multiplied it. Every nation is subject to the same temptation: I grant that. Every nation tends to worship its own image and to attribute to its own efforts the millennial achievements of the human race as a whole. But universal ideals, like those of Christianity, universal methods, such as those of science, even universal practices, such as those of international commerce, tend to modify these gross examples of national pride and national self-worship.

You guarded against such a weakening of Germanism by undermining the human and the universal. First you attacked Christianity and rejected the morality of disinterested coöperation and good will as well as its theology; you even created a new kind of monster, which you named German science: a Nobel prize winner like the physicist Lennard dared to talk gibbering nonsense about German physics, as opposed to Jewish or even Western physics, just as your quack anthropologists talked about an Aryan or a German race. You even created a German god in your own image, whom you called Hitler; and when your countrymen worshipped him they worshipped all that was perverse, irrational, and destructive in themselves. Ultimately, dear Eduard, even you yourself had a part in creating this monster: you who used to tell me, so earnestly and so unctuously, how impossible it was to convey to an American the meaning of *Gemeinschaft* and *Bruderschaft* in their true German sense. Your benign dreams, I fear, were composed of the same elemental stuff as the Nazi's nightmares.

Indeed your own life, seemingly so innocent, so virtuous, was a prophecy of the days to come. The history of the movement with which, as a youth, you had identified yourself should cause you some uneasiness and occasion no little critical self-examination. For consider the transformation that took place in the German youth movement between 1924 and 1934. Who could have been better aware of

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this than yourself, who attended the original gathering on Hohe Meissen in 1911, when you were still a student at the gymnasium, just sixteen years old? You described to me the torch procession on Midsummer Eve and the initiation of the naked youths, by jumping through the fire: you contrasted it, favorably in 1925, with the watery baptism of Christianity. As you pictured the original youth movement it was a revolt of the young against their fathers: against the tyranny of the past, against the stale ideals of the bourgeoisie, against a mealy-mouthed and hypocritical Christian church, against all the customs and institutions that were opposed to what was spontaneous, free, and healthy.

What could have seemed, on the face of it, more romantically innocent than this movement? Did it not bring about a transvaluation of values? Were you not able to escape from the cities and cast your lot in with the peasant; did you not sleep in barns, walk along the open road singing your folk songs? What could seem more opposed in spirit to the cult of the soldier and the bureaucrat, to the settled life of the office, the machine, with its drab monotonous prospects and its defilement of even animal faith and animal joy?

But alas! your belief in the folk was an irrational one: it bound you to an archaic and ingrown past. The same unfettered youth who repeated the old pagan fire ceremony became the disciples of the motheaten hero, Ludendorff, he who had run away like the proverbial rat from a sinking ship when his armies were being driven back by the Allies. How quickly it turned out that free German youth and fettered German age worshiped the same gods! German freedom has a queer way of turning into German servitude, just as German democracy turns so easily into German despotism. It is time that you understood the forces in your own past that have made these changes so commonplace. Surely your intelligence should enable you to free yourselves from this damnable paradox.

If those nightmares are to be banished, you yourself have a part to play in that change: you must admit into the core of your philosophy much that you rejected, because it was non-German. You must ask yourself another question—but a far more important one—*Is it human?* That is a different matter. Beware of your depth; for in the German depths the foulest monsters have been spawned and have flourished in the impenetrable darkness, till they came to light in persecutions and exterminations that have no parallel in the vilest records of the past. Beware of your originality: when you have departed from the human norm, you have not risen above the mediocrity of good and evil, but have sunk below it.

Your Nietzsche was an extremely original fellow: he revived the ideal of cruelty and torture, even as he revived the idea of slavery and gave it his intellectual blessing, precisely at the moment that the Russians and the Americans were with great effort overcoming that malign institution. And eventually your Nietzsche gave support to an even more unrestrained originality — that which Himmler practised in his torture chambers and extermination camps.

Learn to be commonplace! my dear Eduard: perhaps the platitudes will save you. You must restore the truth that Schiller rejected in "Wallenstein" about the "eternal commonplace . . . which will serve tomorrow because it served yesterday." Since you have shown that you don't know how to walk alone without stumbling into filth, you had better take some older person's hand. That hand is the hand of the human race; its wisdom surpasses the wisdom of any single nation, yes: it even surpasses that of the Germans.

A Mixed Bag of Minor Verse

POEMS. By Joseph Eliyia. Translated from the Greek by Rae Dalven. New York: The Anatolia Press. 1945. 205 *pp.* $3.

SINGING STONES. By Maria Lorenzini. San Francisco, Calif. Privately printed. 1945. 87 *pp.* $2.

THE REVOLT OF THE CATS IN PARADISE. A Children's Book for Adults. Text by Stanley Burnshaw and Illustrations by Russell T. Limbach. Gaylordsville, New York. The Crow Hill Press. 1945. *Pamphlet.*

NOW AND ALWAYS. Poems in Arbitrary Metre. By Lewis Howard. Privately printed. Hollywood, California. 1945. 29 *pp.*

SEA PIECES. By Clare Murray Fooshee. A First Volume of Verse. New York. Harbinger House, 116 *East* 19 *St.,* 1945. 42 *pp.* $1.50.

POEMS. By Herbert Bitterman. Published by the Conrad Group, Montclair, N. J. 1945. 58 *pp.*

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

EACH of these books has something to recommend it, though not a great deal. The late Joseph Eliyia was apparently a well-known Greek poet, and Kostas Palamas found him a fine craftsman. Mark Van Doren encouraged Miss Dalven to translate his poems. Eliyia is both profoundly Hebraic, I am told, and profoundly Hellenistic. His life was an incessant struggle for freedom. This book has his poems in the original Greek with the English translation on opposite pages. The book is crudely illustrated, and it is extremely difficult for me to judge whether the (to me) rather awkward translations convey much of the original. Miss Dalven is a Greek who was educated in New York City schools and graduated from Hunter College, where she minored in Greek classics. She is now translating a Greek anthology of verse edited by Heracles Apostolides. Joseph Eliyia died at the age of twenty-nine.

Maria Lorenzini was born in Stockholm, where she received a classical education. She came to America in 1903. Her free verse poems are uneven, though they have occasional felicities of expression. Stanley Burnshaw is well-known as poet and playwright. His fable of the individualistic cat tribe who will not fit into any brave new world is amusingly illustrated by Mr. Limbach. The verse has some entertaining rhymes but is also rather tedious. Apparently only domestic cats are included. Their wilder relatives (quite a problem in themselves) do not come into the picture. I am all for the cats in their big revolt against a too-perfectly organized human society. But then, I like cats. I'm afraid such a society would have to liquidate all the cats, or else decide just to put up with them.

The poems of Lewis Howard, Clare Fooshee, and Herbert Bitterman have one thing in common, lack of any quite definite stamp of personality. Mr. Bitterman is the only one who uses rhyme, and not with noticeable success. The free verse of the others is to me indistinguishable from the free verse of so many minor poets today. We have a great number of people in America today writing literate verse of one kind or another, and a great deal of it has neither sufficient depth of thought nor sufficient technical brilliance to distinguish it.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING			REMARKS
	Balance	*Realism*	*Surface*	
MOZART, Quintet C major K.515 Budapest Quartet, Milton Katims. CM 586 (4)	Excellent. good cello repro-duction.	unusually high fidelity; "edge" of string tone very clear.	AA	Superb recording, technically and musically of a great work.
GERSHWIN, An American in Paris, N. Y. Philh. Rodzinski. CX 246 (2)	solo passages not clear; general blurriness.	B	A	Don't like it. Too smooth, too much "background music" style. The Gershwin energy is missing. Continentalized.
VIRGIL THOMSON, Five Portraits Thomson, Phila. Orch. CX 255 (2)	good. soloists clear against orch.	excellent. good per-spective, wide dynamic range;	A	If you read Thomson in the Herald Trib. you'll recognize him here. Not great music, but skillful, amusing. Wonderful orchestral noises.
SHOSTAKOVITCH, *Sixth Symphony*, Pittsb. Symph. Reiner. CM 585 (5)	solo instruments not clear	B	B	If you like S. get this. Performance less lush than Stokowski recordings. Could be more brilliant.

ONE of the larger intangibles in the developing postwar picture is the ancient one of public taste, especially in relation to what has been popularly labelled "high fidelity." That phrase, which should be perfectly self-explanatory, has been made as meaningless by the advertisers as the one-time ad for a famous automobile which boasted of the complete car—completely new.

In spite of years of exuberant advertising, the question of high fidelity, of faithful reproduction of music, has been blissfully simple. We haven't had it. And in truth its lack has not hindered in the least the huge development of electrical music.

The human mind, which can infer a landscape or human form from a few simple lines in black and white can just as well infer a symphony or a string quartet from certain strange electrical distortions issuing from a circular piece of cardboard—the loudspeaker. It is well known that an animal or even a human aborigine cannot "see" a black and white photograph. Even a photograph is no more than a low fidelity imitation of reality. The business of recorded music has been based on the power of the imagination to make music out of sounds that are, literally speaking, something decidedly less than music.

And now with Frequency Modulation (FM) and greatly improved records we are actually approaching genuine high fidelity—electrical reproduction that is at last a reasonable facsimile of the original. With it a host of strong esthetic problems have already arisen. The engineers hail the coming age of high fidelity as a kind of liberation from bondage; they cannot yet see that we enjoy music on records in spite of distortion. They underestimate the power of a musical imagination to recreate music from the merest wisps of sound, the power of the inner ear to tune out unwanted sound and to tune in sound that is merely implied.

On the other hand, music in the original does have its own values, and surely no one can object if the engineers are able to recreate music as it was played! And yet there is danger of that too. Many listeners have become so entirely accustomed to actual distortion of music that they prefer the electrical monstrosity to the natural product. They don't like high fidelity.

So acute has this conflict become that expensive radios have been sold which *deliberately distort* the music to match the distortions to which we have become accustomed — even though these radios are capable of a remarkable realism of reproduction. And until the engineers and the public come to a better understanding of the esthetic factors involved in perfect high fidelity reproduction, this kind of dishonesty will continue widespread.

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A Noteworthy Record

THE year 1945 was made memorable by mighty events. The arts took a secondary place. The pictures that were painted, the music that was composed, the books that were written and published were overshadowed by the battles that were fought and won. Creative effort went into the mechanics of destruction. Only time can tell what the loss to humanity was. Perhaps suffering and courage and self-discipline will sharpen and crystallize the creative spirit. Perhaps the children of today will live to see an era of production in the creative arts.

In spite of the shortage of paper, the problems of distribution, and other difficulties, 1945 was a noteworthy year in the field of children's books; noteworthy for the number of worthless books that were produced as well as for those that were worth while.

Never in this reviewer's long experience have there been so many books published that are not, in any sense, literature. This was partly due to the lack of toys. Many books were published frankly as a substitute for electric trains and doll houses. They were made to catch the eye of an indulgent uncle or father who wanted a present for a child and had failed to find it in the toy department. Out of this apparently unending stream of puppies that rolled their eyes when you pulled a string, of kittens that had real blue ribbons around their necks, of bunnies with pink velvet stomachs, there came to the surface a goodly number of really *good* books —books that are worthy to grow up with boys and girls and that can be adapted to their changing point of view.

The artists of past years like Dorothy Lathrop, Kurt Wiese, the Parin d'Aulaires, the Haders, Louis Slobodkin, Helen Stone, and Katherine Milhouse more than lived up to their reputations. Hedwig Collin followed her illustrations for other people's stories by writing a charming story of her own and making for it a series of lovely drawings of the scenes and the people of the little island of Fanoe off the coast of Denmark. Josef Scharl more than confirmed the general approval of his Pantheon Grimm with his exquisite drawings for "Rock Crystal," and Pantheon published a new translation of the Russian folktales that is in both text and pictures a classic. Irena Lorentowicz followed her "Lullaby" with two equally distinguished picture books, one with a text that the children have chuckled over since it was put into their hands.

Excellent stories with an historical American background came from more than one publisher. Erick Berry's "Harvest of the Hudson" and Herbert Best's "Border Iron" will take a permanent place in our native literature. Lena Barksdale's "That Country Called Virginia" will live, too, because it is well documented and is warmed and lightened by her love for and pride in her native state. Books about other countries varied in value. Some few of these were good, but many of them were almost incredibly poor.

Older girls came out the richer for books like "The Silver Pencil," "Sandy," and "The Moved-Outers." There were too many books for all ages that attempted to bring propaganda into a story. This is serious, because an enforced consideration of social attitudes and problems dams creative writing. It makes a writer self-conscious.

There was very little imaginative literature and almost no poetry. This is, perhaps, natural. We can only hope that, with the terrific impact of war lifted, the creative writers will give their imaginations full play. What a lift it would give us all just now if a story should appear that was really *new*—new in background and characters, fresh and colorful and rich in fantasy and humor: a group of characters as strange and fascinating as Kipling's Mowgli and the jungle animals, a fantasy as absurd and delightful as Frank Stockton's "Ting-A-Ling." To adults such books would come as fresh wind to clear away our doubts and frets and restore our faith in the essential values. To the children they would come as a joyous adventure to be shared with one another and passed on to the coming generations. Perhaps it is now in the making. There is always something good just around the corner.

Looking back we may in the main well be proud of the books that came for American boys and girls from American publishers in the year of our victory. Written, selected, and published under difficult conditions, they offered much that is valuable when the mass was sifted and the books of transient value laid aside. It was a bewildering year for the critics.

From Books for Young People this certainty emerges: we warmly congratulate the editors who remained steadfast in their convictions and their judgment. We wish for them in 1946 a way out of their difficulties, many exciting discoveries in both text and pictures, and a happy and prosperous year.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

DECOY DUCK

THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF WALDO. By Earl and Linette Burton. Illustrated by Helen Stone. New York: Whittlesey House. 1945. 64 *pp.* $2.

WALDO is a wooden decoy duck who finds his way, alone, from where he was made by "the Old, Old Man" to the Hudson River and the harbor. He has various rather frightening adventures and is finally found by a small boy whose father is captain of a fishing boat. Kit likes him and takes him home to the little house on the beach. Waldo has found a friend at last! Then a wild duck with an injured leg

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comes along—and Waldo is neglected. But in the spring the wild duck flies away, as is the habit of wild ducks. Once more Waldo becomes the very special, faithful friend of Kit and his dog Mobey.

Not a particularly original story, this has action enough to please little children—and Waldo is quite a character. The value of the book lies in its illustrations. Lovely in design, they have integrity, action, and humor. The double-spread of the New York skyline at night with Waldo and a lighted ferryboat in the foreground registers on the printed page a picture that is dear and familiar to many New Yorkers as well as long remembered by the casual visitors. The drawing where the wild ducks fly down to challenge Waldo is particularly good. Waldo is a wooden duck, the wild ducks have power in their wings. The long bills, the slanting wings, the absurd hindends sticking up out of the water as the birds dive for food will bring back to anyone who has watched wild ducks on lake or river the amusement, the unending interest that keeps a watcher silent and happy for hours on end.

M. G. D.

PT MASCOT

CENSORED, THE GOAT. Story by Phil Stong. Pictures by Kurt Wiese. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1945. 78 *pp.* $2.50.

THE two who made "Honk the Moose" and other equally delightful books have done it again. In spite of its picture-book format, this is a story for all ages and both sexes. Returning service men will love it.

John Paul Jones (Censored, the Goat) was born in Iowa and brought up by Jerry and Les Reynolds—on a bottle. They were sunning themselves by the river when the U. S. Navy in the person of two CPOs came along in quest of fish. Jones was at that time small, black, and appealing. He seemed an ideal mascot for a PT boat. So the CPOs lease him from Les and Jerry for five dollars and promise to send a report on him at frequent intervals. The rest of the story—up to the final scene—is made up of these reports from the Navy; first from a PT boat, then—as Censored grows "beyond all knowing"—from a destroyer, a cruiser, a battleship commanded by the admiral of a famous task force and a marine hospital on an unnamed (because of the censor) island. On each unit Censored has butted his way into disfavor on the part of the commanding officer and into the undying affection of the enlisted men. He is renamed for the famous admiral and, because at that time the name could not be broadcast, is called Censored. The reports are expressive, and so true to the Navy that the book may easily become a classic.

In the end Censored comes home escorted by a member of the Intelligence who is black and blue before the transfer is completed. Text and drawings form a record of this war that no one can afford to miss.

M. G. D.

"SWEET DO-NOTHING"

THE SINGING CART. Written and illustrated by Joan Crocker. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1945. 86 *pp.* $2.

ALL of us who have ever travelled in Sicily will always remember the quaint, brightly painted Sicilian carts that dot that unforgettable land. One of these carts and its highly individual little donkey are made the center here of a charming story. Two children lose their hearts to the enchanting outfit of cart and donkey. They are even willing to give their cherished wrist watches from America to buy them, but their father disapproves and they realize that plans must be made for the donkey's care and maintenance. There was always work for a cart and a donkey in the village, so this might have been managed—but for one thing. Far-Niente (which might be translated Sweet Do-Nothing) had one disastrous habit. She not only brayed, an incredible bray, at the right moment or the wrong, she sat down squarely and uncompromisingly for the performance—cart, shafts, and harness notwithstanding. To get Far-Niente to rise and go on with the task in hand required a technique that was practically magic. Finally the father of Nicolo and Angela lost patience and announced that Far-Niente must be sold. Tragedy is averted through the owner of a marionette show who invites the children and Far-Niente—and the cart—to go along with him on his tour. We leave everyone, including Far-Niente, contented and assured.

—From "Censored, the Goat"

The author-artist shows in both text and pictures her humor and her appreciation of Taormina and its background. Her quaint characters and the local color will appeal to adults as well as to children.

MARION CANBY DODD.

JUNIOR-SIZE

TOOTKA: THE LITTLE RUSSIAN TRAIN. By Robinson. New York. American Society for Russian Relief. 1945. 50¢

HERE is a gay, decorative little book which will bring pleasure not only with its illustrations but by its novel theme. Russian boys and girls, the end-papers tell us, have learned to be useful in operating real although junior-sized trains on short-line runs, often in parks and playgrounds. Tootka is one of these trains. Its crew of five meet an obstacle in the shape of a full-sized and very self-willed cow who stands firmly in their path. It is Kolya, the young engineer, who finally solves the problem. Little children will like both stories and pictures, which are well printed in full color.

MARION CANBY DODD.

SPIRITED MULE

HAPPY JACK. By Miriam E. Mason. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 136 pp. $1.50.

A YOUNG black mule with high spirits and an enormous bray is the hero of this story. His enforced acceptance of the adjustment between work and play is woven by the author into a plot that will be sure to interest the six or eight year olds who will read and enjoy it. Happy Jack can spread consternation and fright; he can do plenty of damage when he kicks high and hard with his strong heels. Running away from his first experience of training in a dog and pony show, he meets adventure on a fast-moving river and is carried, willy nilly, to a new home with Farmer Grindhart who, not interested in fun and frivolity, is busy overworking his whole family. Happy Jack's attempt to demonstrate that life has another side almost ends in

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disaster. The Grindhart children are in a boat that overturns on the river. Marooned on a fallen tree, they are rescued one by one by Happy Jack, whose heart is in the right place in spite of his kicking heels. Reconciliation follows and Jack agrees to do his share of the work on the farm.

Children will enjoy not only the action of this lively story but also the running conversation among the animals in the pony show and on the farm. To little children animals are as real as human beings. Their lively dialogue is just as important.

MARION CANBY DODD.

FLYING ARROW

THE WONDERFUL VOYAGE. By Ruth Langland Holberg. Illustrated by Phyllis Cote. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 208 *pp.* $2.

WHEN Captain Briggs sailed his whaling ship, the *Flying Arrow,* out of Gloucester harbor on a November day in 1854 his wife and his two children, Jay and Randy, were on board. That voyage lasted for nearly three years and this book is the record of it. Down the Atlantic to South America, around Cape Horn into the Pacific, stops at strange ports and even stranger islands, cold winds and calm, hot days are all recorded as Jay and Randy saw, heard, and felt them. Jay, with the blood of generations of seamen in his veins, took to the ship as easily as a duck to water. Randy, physically delicate and a bit spoiled, learned the hard way to become a part of the life of a ship at sea.

It was her father who brought Randy out of her doldrums into health and courage and a new daring. He watched her body grow strong and supple, her red hair grow redder, and a new twinkle come into her green eyes. By the time the ship comes back to Gloucester Randy has climbed the mainmast to the crow's nest and won from her father the coveted chock pin that is given to a seaman only when he has speared a whale.

Three Christmases are celebrated on board the *Flying Arrow* and, during a four months' stay on one of the Pacific islands, a little baby daughter is born. The book is rich with the details and the talk of a nineteenth century whaling ship. Even the business of trying out the whale oil is vividly described: "By the flickering light of lanterns men worked with their long forks and dippers, tossing chunks of blubber into the kettles. They strained the oil and removed the tried-out chunks of fat. The flames from the furnace under the boiling kettles cast gigantic shadows on the sails above. The smoke, the fiery flames, the hissing masses of blubber made a scene that Randy would never forget."

In contrast to this is the calm beauty and color of the islands where the native boys and girls sang for Jay and Randy their plaintive songs and danced for them on the moonlit beaches. They were both made to study every day on shipboard by their firm and rather conventional mother, but the things that they learned through their eyes and ears and noses are the things that they will remember.

This is a jolly, exciting story with a typical New England sea captain as its dominant figure. The action rolls along without a pause until the *Flying Arrow* sails quietly into Gloucester again. Randy has grown so that her grandmother hardly knows her, Jay is matured and disciplined, the baby sees for the first time her native land. The wonderful voyage is over. The drawings, in black and white, interpret the people and the scenes with vitality and humor.

—From "The Wonderful Voyage"

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

FAMILY OF ACTORS

THEATRE SHOES. By Noel Streatfield. Illustrated by Richard Floethe. New York: Random House. 1945. 282 *pp.* $2.

THIS is, in a way, a continuation of the story of the three Fossil girls who are the heroines of "Ballet Shoes." It is they who give the scholarships to Sorrel, Mark, and Holly Forbes so that they, too, can go to Madame Fidolia's School of the Theatre and Ballet in London. It is 1942 and England is at war. Sorrel, Mark, and Holly are sent to London when their grandmother dies. They have no mother, and their father is an officer in the Royal Navy.

Their maternal grandmother is a famous actress—old but still a power in the theatre. She lives with one servant, Alice, in a high old house in Ponsonby Square. Most of the other houses there have been destroyed by bombs. To children fresh from the country it is a gray, desolate place. But Grandmother is an exciting person and they still have their own nurse, Hannah, who is not too pleased with the atmosphere of No. 14 Ponsonby Square. Before the three of them have time to get used to the strangeness they are sent to Madame Fidolia's School. Mark had a lovely voice and sang as sweetly and as easily as a bird. But how he hated the school—Mark whose one desire was to be a sailor like his father. Grandmother was furious when Uncle Henry intervened and sent him off to his father's old school in the country, but it was a great relief to Mark. Sorrel was happy with Madame Fidolia. Acting was in her veins. She loved it. Holly was not sure that she wanted to be a dancer, but no one need worry about Holly.

By the time Christmas of 1943 came around things had settled down beautifully for the three of them. Sorrel was to play the leading part in the Christmas pantomime, Holly was to be the Dame in "Dick Whittington," and Mark was to go, right after the holidays, to Wilton Hall.

This is a story of England at war, of a famous family of English actors—three generations of them—and of a famous school of the theatre. Sorrel and Mark and Holly are as real and as delightful to know as Pauline and Petrova and Posy were in the earlier book. In spite of war, it is a gay story.

M. G. D.

NEW ORLEANS—1900

SEARCH THROUGH PIRATE'S ALLEY. By Mildred Houghton Comfort. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1945. 200 *pp.* $2.

THIS is a story of the D'Orsay family in New Orleans in the year 1900. As the story opens the bank fails and Pierre D'Orsay, the father of the family, is faced with the alternative of selling the Royal Street house in the French Quarter or earning his living in an entirely new way. There is a family planta-

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tion, Live Oaks, but in the first will of Grandpère D'Orsay it was left to the oldest child and that child is a daughter. There is a later will deeding it to Pierre—and the search for that will is the theme of this story.

To the intense joy of young Pierre and his little sister, Colette, their father decided to reopen the bakery in Orleans Street that Grandpère had given him as a christening present when he was born. The old baker has died, but a new one is found in the person of André Boudro and his clever wife, Annette. Madame D'Orsay also helped and the two children spent most of their time in the old building that dated back to the days of the first Napoleon. Marvellous French pastries are made and sold; long crusty loaves, piles of delicate brioches made with eggs and lots of melted butter; tiny cakes stuffed with nuts and frosted in pastel colors, and, at Epiphany, the famous New Orleans King Cakes.

All through the Christmas season and Mardi Gras the new bakery did very well. But with the coming of the Lenten season it definitely slumped. So Pierre determined to find Grandpère's second will. The old Praline Man helps him, and the young artist who lives over the bakery. Danger comes through a New York curio hunter and his wife and son. It is an exciting tale, but it is not nearly as convincing as "Winter on the Johnny Smoker." That is absolutely real and natural while this seems a little forced and made up. The local color is good and some of the local characters emerge clearly against their background. But the Moffat family are as unreal as the characters in an old-fashioned melodrama.

Boys and girls will probably like this because it has a mystery in it and there is a good deal of action. They will not remember it as they remember Rella and the Captain of the *Johnny Smoker*.

M. G. D.

CAREER STORY

TUNE IN FOR ELIZABETH. By Mary Margaret McBride. New York: Dodd Mead & Co. 1945. 191 *pp.* $2.

THIS is the best career story that has reached the editor of Books for Young People since the department was established. Its heroine, Elizabeth Cary, is an attractive and wholly credible girl with her share of brains and grit. The problems that most girls meet in training for a career are stated honestly and with the detail that makes the book a good guide for any girl in any field of work whatever. "Careers are made, not dreamed—earned, not won by chance," Elizabeth tells herself as she stands and looks up at the gray mass of Radio City. These words are the keynote of the story.

—From "The Singing Cart"

Jane Adams, who is Mary Margaret herself, is at the height of her success as an interviewer over the microphone when Elizabeth comes to New York from Glendale, Illinois, to work on a newspaper. She does work in the "morgue" of a daily, where she learns a good deal about classifying and filing odd items. Here she meets Bill Brett, who is drawn, too, with humor and understanding. Over her home radio Elizabeth has followed the Jane Adams interviews for some time. Her uncle, a newspaper man now on a war assignment, gives her a letter to Miss Adams and, rather tentatively, Elizabeth sends it. Immediately she is asked to come to the apartment on Central Park where Miss Adams lives and works. In their first talk together there is no formality, no loss of time. Elizabeth, instantly at ease, suggests starting a file, working in her free time from the newspaper. Miss Adams, amused and responsive, agrees to let her try. This is the first step up the ladder and it is a logical one—as any experienced office worker can tell you. In offering a practical service to a busy but receptive woman Elizabeth does not see herself climbing swiftly to fame and success as a radio interviewer.

But she is deeply interested in it all. For a time she keeps on with her dual job, lightened occasionally by dinners with Bill Brett. She meets the people who write and compose and talk and act for the national networks; she reads the daily fan mail for Miss Adams and learns a good deal about people—all sorts of people. Eventually she is offered a full-time job which for a time she is forced to refuse because of her mother's need for her at home, but before long she finds herself with a career well started. She has won a certain measure of recognition through sheer hard work, through patience and courage and ambition. When Bill comes back she will marry him. In the meantime she has her job. She may get to the top of the ladder, she may not. It does not matter. She has acquired a sense of values.

This story is interesting, honest, and convincing. It offers no short cut to fame and fortune. It is a story of people against a background of a great city and a Midwestern farm. It is modern and deeply American.

M. G. D.

SOME TALL TALES

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PAUL BUNYAN. Now Retold by Louis Untermeyer. Together with Illustrations by Everitt Gee Jackson. New York: The Heritage Press. 1945. 131 *pp.* $3.

EVEN the rowdiest of our American tall tales needs a poet to weave into it the rhythm of the spoken word. Paul Bunyan's story has been told, and told well, by many different writers and in many different ways, but for storytellers this new version by Louis Untermeyer will probably be the most popular because he gives the story both clarity and rhythm. His continuity is in the words as well as in the action.

The familiar characters, the familiar incidents are all here, but there is more background, often more detail in their telling.

This version brings in a mighty fight between Paul and Pecos Bill, told with the robust humor that is characteristic of them both. It also brings in Paul's courtship and marriage. When he pulled his future wife out of the river, she smiled at him:

> Paul stared. He had never seen anything like her. She was almost Paul's size—as high as his shoulder though not as heavily built. She was straight and solid and brown as an oak tree in late fall. But what made Paul stare was the way she smiled. It was the smile of a strange creature, young and old, bold and timid at the same time. It was like things he had forgotten, shy soft things, the eyes of young fawns in the forest, little pools of sunlight under dark trees, the waking notes of a thrush, the first warm breath of spring.

If this touch of poetry and feeling seems to deny the Paul Bunyan of the lumber camps, it is surely a very human touch. Paul's love of animals and the woods, of dawn and sunset and the Northern Lights are a part of him in even the roughest version of his story. His love for Babe the Blue Ox is dominant in every version.

The book is well designed with large, clear type and wide margins. It is bound in dark green and is boxed. The illustrations will probably provoke wide discussion. The artist makes Paul a Swede rather than an American—which will probably dis-

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turb Canada, who thinks of him as a French Canadian. This reviewer would have liked the drawings better if they had remained black and white. Their pastel coloring does not seem to harmonize with the vigor and humor of the story.

M. G. D.

HUMAN RELATIONS

NORTH FORK. By Doris Gates. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 211 *pp.* $2.

ON page fifteen of her latest book Doris Gates, who gave us the lovely "Blue Willow," writes: "There, in the lawyer's office, Aunt Elizabeth had turned to him in her quiet way. 'It means,' she had explained, since no small boy could have been expected to make sense of the legal phrasing, 'it means that your father gave you to me to keep for always. But I am sure he wouldn't have wanted me to have you unless you felt you could be happy with me. If you don't want to stay with me, Drew, I'll give you back to your own self.' "

I wonder what a small boy, a young orphan like Drew, could have been expected to make of this speech by his aunt and appointed guardian. It seems to me that he either would have thought his aunt a phony and been annoyed or, if he were a sensitive boy with a balanced sense of personal dignity and a healthy feeling for human relationships, he would have been badly hurt.

All this is the introductory matter that makes the base for a plot; the plot being the establishment of idealistic human and race relationships at any price. And then comes the question: must we always start with the negative side of the problem? A white boy, a snob who looks down on the Indians, a teacher who reminds him: "If you would try to forget that these boys are Indians I think you'd get along all right. They think as you think, feel as you feel, and only rarely does their Indian blood and their Indian tradition have much effect upon the way they think and feel. Now and then it does. But rarely. . . .". This is, in effect, an *apologetic* speech. In other words the teacher says: "These Indian boys are almost as good, as wonderful, as white boys. They have caught up nicely."

Yet I am looking forward to Doris Gates's next book—for she writes well. Her descriptions of people and countryside are excellent. If she would be more honest with herself and with the world she might give us yet another "Blue Willow."

DOLA DE JONG.

Franz Boas's Sound Sense

RACE AND DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY. By Franz Boas. New York: J. J. Augustin. 1945. 219 *pp.* $2.50.

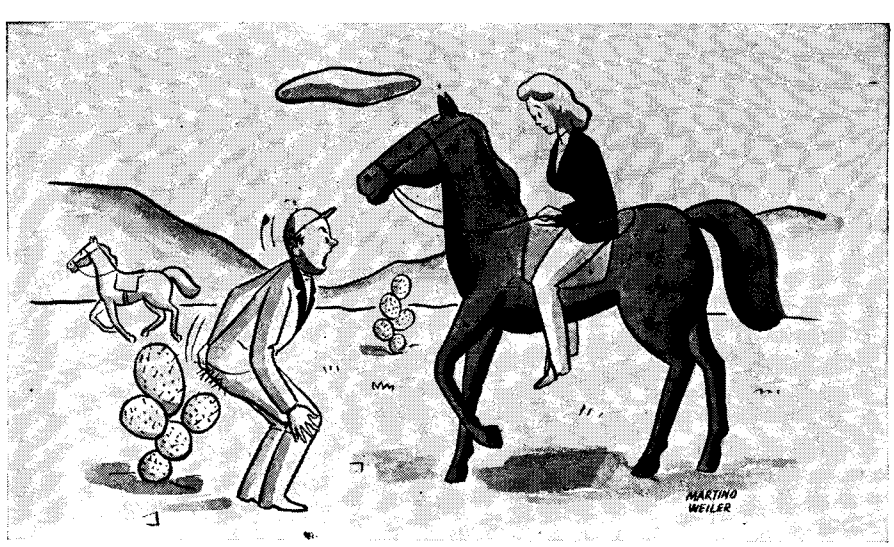
Reviewed by EDWIN GRANT BURROWS

WHETHER it is worth while to gather a man's minor publications and make a book of them, during his last years or after his death, depends upon the man. Franz Boas was not only a demolisher of poor anthropological theories, and a pioneer investigator in nearly every branch of that heterogeneous subject, but also a consistent champion of clear thinking and fair play in practical concerns. This, the second collection of his shorter writings, consists of articles and addresses on practical issues, prepared for a general audience. The first collection, "Race, Language, and Culture," was made up of more technical papers.

Most readers of this little volume will probably agree that its publication was decidedly worth while. The only question is, how many readers will there be? Those who insist on entertainment can be counted out, for anything by Boas is solid stuff. Yet these papers are clear, even exciting to anyone who can get excited about broad problems. Besides, the flood of recent books about friction between races and between nations, and the fact that several of them have appeared in lists of best sellers, suggests that there may be enough market for serious writing on these subjects to give this book the hearing it deserves.

Some of the papers date back to the first decade of this century, but most of them cluster about the years of the two world wars. Apparently those crises forced the attention of Boas away from problems of pure science to crying practical ones. Regardless of date, they are still pertinent. Much of what Boas said at the time of the First World War is what more people are saying now. Some of his points, though they follow logically from premises we may think we accept, can still sound a little startling. They may serve to test how genuinely we accept the premises. For example, as to race relations: "I can imagine myself much more at home in a company of sympathetic Chinese, Malay, Negroes, and whites who have interests and ideals in common than in a bigoted or presumptuous company of whites who might grate on my feelings by every word and action." As to democracy: "I should always be more inclined to accept, in regard to fundamental human problems, the judgment of the masses rather than the judgment of the intellectuals, which is more certain to be warped by unconscious control of traditional ideas." As to freedom: "At the present time no State can claim to have attained freedom, because all are so conscious of their own weakness, that in time of stress they feel compelled to suppress the freedom of thought, speech, and legitimate action."

The first main section, on race, hammers home points about what race is, and especially what it is not, that are now becoming familiar. Yet some of the illustrative material, at least, will be news to most readers. For instance, that the Jews were a mixture of three distinct physical types before ever they left Palestine, to say nothing of what has happened since; that in Sweden tall, blond, long-headed people are most frequent



"Cactus, cacti . . . what's the difference?"

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in the province of Dalsland, where they make up eighteen per cent—less than a fifth!—of the population; that the smelting of iron seems more likely to have been invented by African Negroes than by anyone else. Behind the factors usually cited as causes of race prejudice, such as economic competition, Boas finds our besetting fault of over-generalization—"the tendency of the human mind to merge the individual in the class to which he belongs, and to ascribe to him all the characteristics of his class."

The second section, called "Units of Man," is mainly a study of nationalism and internationalism. Here Boas does some broad generalizing of his own. But the generalizations of that rigorous mind can be trusted, if anyone's can. He finds that the united groups which regard outsiders with suspicion have been, as a rule, increasing in size throughout human history; from little hunting bands to cities or districts, and at last, rather recently, to nations. He considers the continuation of this process into a federation of nations not only desirable but "destined to come."

The final section, "Democratic Society," considers various applications of such ideals as justice and freedom. In his own profession of teaching Boas held that we have still a long way to go. For example, to him democracy requires giving every child a chance to carry his education as far as his brains will take him. That would require state support of children whose parents could not afford to support them that long. Where would the money come from? To Boas that is clear, if not easy:

> If education were carried so far that the child could stand on its own feet economically, one of the fundamental reasons for the transfer of property by inheritance would disappear. If we should develop at the same time a satisfactory protection against inability to earn owing to sickness, old age and involuntary unemployment, the whole reason for the transfer of inheritance to individuals would disappear, except in so far as objects of purely sentimental value are concerned. It seems, therefore, logical that the funds for reorganizing the schools should be obtained from inheritance taxes.

We can be sure that in reaching this conclusion, or any other, Boas was not following anybody's line except his own.

Shall These Bones Live?

By Babette Deutsch

THIS is the city of Warsaw.
This is the ghetto walled in the city of Warsaw.
These are the streets of the ghetto walled in the city of Warsaw.
These are the Jews who crowded the houses that stood in the streets of the ghetto walled in the city of Warsaw.
This is the hunger that gnawed at the Jews who crowded the houses that stood in the streets of the ghetto walled in the city of Warsaw.
This is the cold that bit into the Jews who crowded the houses that stood in the streets of the ghetto walled in the city of Warsaw.
This is the fire that fed on the Jews who crowded the houses that stood in the streets of the ghetto walled in the city of Warsaw.
This is the gas that choked the Jews who crowded the houses that stood in the streets of the ghetto walled in the city of Warsaw.
These are the guns that drilled the Jews who fled from the houses that stood in the streets of the ghetto walled in the city of Warsaw.
These are the tanks that rolled over the Jews who escaped the guns when they fled from the houses that stood in the streets of the ghetto walled in the city of Warsaw.
These are the pits that swallowed the Jews who crowded the houses that stood in the streets of the ghetto walled in the city of Warsaw.

SHALL THESE BONES LIVE?

This is the lime that devoured the bones that filled the pits that swallowed the Jews who crowded the houses that stood in the streets of the ghetto walled in the city of Warsaw.
Who will put breath into them, who will lay sinews upon them, who cover with flesh and skin the bones that are not?
This is the voice that cried to the fire that burned, to the gas that choked, to the guns that drilled, to the tanks that crushed, to the pits that swallowed, to the lime that devoured the Jews who crowded the houses that stood in the streets of the ghetto walled in the city of Warsaw:

COME UP OUT OF YOUR GRAVES, O MY PEOPLE!

This is the silence that holds the ghetto walled in the city of Warsaw.

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(Continued from page 49)

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The Crostics Club

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

IF MY column had not been written weeks in advance of the issue in which it appeared, I should have had John Phelps's reply to my letter asking for his authority for "Erehwon" by Samuel Butler. In that reply Mr. Phelps says that he was laboring under the impression that the title spelled *nowhere* backward. He found, however, on further investigation, that Butler avoided *hw* as un-English. Mr. Phelps, however, states that Butler was palindrome-minded as evinced in the names of certain characters he introduces into his books: Mr. Thims (Smith); Mr. Senoj Nosnibor (Jones Robinson); Yram (Mary); Ydgrun (Grundy); and so on.

Mary Eastman, Albany, N. Y., ex-librarian, contributes for you puzzlers who find your DC hard sailing the following recipe, titled "610 Neatly Solved" (This is the Heywood Broun DC):

I say, far better than a-cursing
Is to do DC's by reversing.
Await the next *SR's* appearance,
To fill up spaces left for clearance.
Then, smugly, freed from all depression
See emerge in quick succession
Duveneck, Eustachio, Orpah,
Ennius, Urquhart, Egana;
Add to your list new words peculiar—
Oppilates, howadji, massoy, medlar,
Whatabouts, obnounce, opisthenar.
Save your brain from going berserk
When such DC's are too hard work.

Those new words do look formidable, but I recall the excessive number of vowels in the familiar acrostic and the need for making the DC as difficult as possible to avoid giving you it at once.

Mrs. D. C. Springer, Kokomo, Indiana, wonders why she doesn't meet in her home city more DC fans, having in the course of three years met but one struggling puzzler and that one on a bus. Mrs. Springer also comments on the part that the subconscious plays in solving DC's. "It is only," she writes, "after I give up struggling with definitions and surrender myself to the tender mercies of the subconscious that the puzzle becomes easy for me. I've often awakened in the morning with a key word in my mind." Perhaps hers is a more common experience than she realizes, for I recall similar experiences as a high-school student in solving algebra problems. No doubt many of you have recalled such.

Yesterday my luncheon guest was my good friend Mrs. Pearl Neville, Wellesley Hills, Mass., whom I met as a fan several years ago. She had just met, in her son's New York home, a young guest who remarked on her own mother-in-law's fondness for DC's. My guess was correct, for the latter was no other than Mrs. Irene Nash Scott, New York City, who had just written me of the good fortune to have Series 17 accompany her on a hospital experience, and who had mentioned incidentally her business association with the son of a DC friend of mine—no other than Mrs. Neville!

DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 617

DIRECTIONS

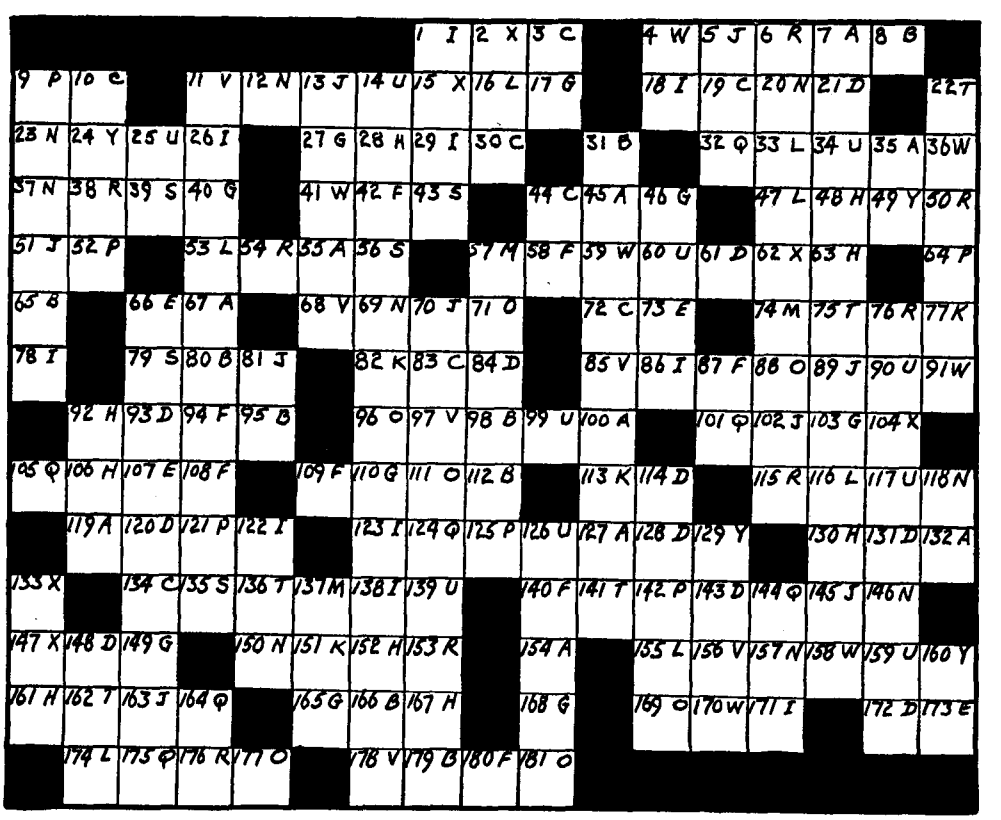
To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down, the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (Second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 37 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Primitive lemurlike animal found in N. American Eocene (Paleontol.) — 100 55 132 45 154 7 35 119 127 67
B. Name of four kings of Ancient Egypt of XII Theban dynasty. — 31 112 65 166 8 98 179 80 95
C. To load (oil) on a whaler (2 wds.) — 10 83 72 44 3 19 134 30
D. To unite in action; to agree (Colloq.; 2 wds.) — 93 131 172 143 120 61 148 114 84 21 128
E. The gomuti (Phil. 1.) — 66 73 173 107
F. A period of hot weather (Colloq.; 2 wds.) — 58 108 94 109 140 42 87 180
G. Having no jaws. — 168 17 103 165 27 110 46 149 40
H. A long-billed snipe, between true snipes and sandpipers. — 167 48 130 106 92 161 28 152 63
I. Nickname of Ambrose Philips (1675?-1749). — 138 29 18 86 78 171 1 122 123 26
J. Immediately; without further consideration (Colloq.; 3 wds.) — 89 51 13 5 145 81 163 102 70
K. Female war-captive of Hercules, who won her in an archery contest (Gr. Myth.) — 82 113 77 151
L. Country in Europe. — 47 116 16 155 33 174 53
M. Negro tribe of Slave Coast; their language (Sudanic). — 74 57 137
N. Roman slave spared by a lion whom he had done a service. — 69 150 118 20 12 157 37 23 146
O. Shut up or concealed, as in a cage. — 88 181 169 71 96 111 177
P. Prescribed; positive; arbitrary. — 52 64 121 142 9 125
Q. To cajole. — 32 144 124 164 101 105 175
R. "Forest" on both banks, Meuse R., France and Belgium (Battle, 1914). — 176 76 153 6 115 54 38 50
S. Large diurnal Arctic owl that winters in N. America and Europe, almost pure white. — 39 43 135 56 79
T. Seat of R. L. Stevenson's Vailima property and of his burial. — 22 141 136 162 75
U. Shabby or in a low plight (3 wds.) — 159 90 34 126 60 14 117 99 25 139
V. Liquid medicinal preparation for washing; a wash. — 68 85 178 156 97 11
W. A New England cottage. — 170 41 36 59 158 91 4
X. Pertaining to the sandarac tree or its fragrant wood. — 104 133 147 15 2 62
Y. Scottish Gaelic. — 49 24 160 129



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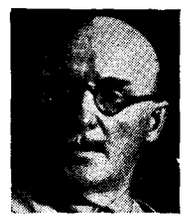
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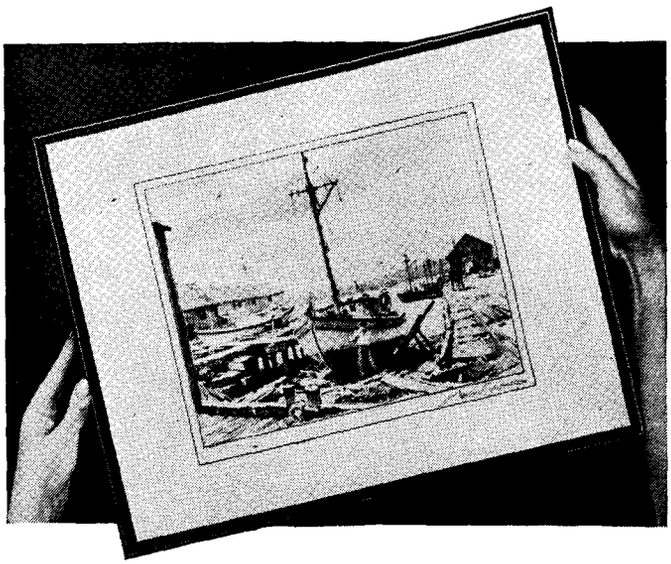

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